New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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The Mythology of Skybolt

THE story of the Blue Streak missile is an epic of Ministerial obstinacy. Since late 1957, the growing accuracy in Soviet guidance systems made it obvious that a fixed-site missile was highly vulnerable to surprise attack. But the personal identification of Mr Sandys with the project led to its continuance for a further 18 months, and by the time the bills are paid, £95 million will have been spent on a weapon which never even got to the testing stage.

Were Mr Macmillan – Sandys' instigator in his disastrous course – now to draw the lesson of this costly episode, and abandon the myth of the 'independent British deterrent', the experience might turn out to be worth the price. But for years Ministers have been insisting that national nuclear forces are indispensable to the maintenance of Britain's position in the world; to back down immediately would involve a personal humiliation they are not prepared to stomach. The myth is now to enter a new phase, under the name of Skybolt.

Skybolt is a projected aerial missile, with a range of 1,000 miles. The idea is that it should be purchased from America, around 1965 (when, even on the government's own admission, our conventional bombers will be obsolete) and fitted to British aircraft. Since Britain will make the warheads, it is argued, the deterrent will still be 'independent'. And since the bombers already exist, and America will bear the development cost of the missile, the new weapon will be remarkably cheap.

Unfortunately, there are a number of snags, which the Defence Ministry has omitted to mention. How can Britain make Skybolt's warheads, unless it can test them? And how can it test them when the test-ban agreement comes into force? Alternatively, if America also provides the warheads, Washington will insist on dual control, and the missile will then forfeit its last pretence to 'independence'. Why, then, have it?

Secondly, there is no guarantee that the system will be cheap. The Americans do not share the Defence Ministry's belief that Skybolt can be carried by our existing V-bombers; they consider that such extensive modifications would be necessary that Britain would be wiser to build a new force. And this itself was ruled out by Mr Sandys in 1957 because it would be too expensive and take too long. Alternatively, if the projected Vickers transports are used to carry Skybolts, what happens to our 'mobile reserve'?

The third objection is more fundamental. Skybolt is a mere project; its tests are not due until 1962 at the earliest. If it is a success, priority will go to Strategic Air Command; Britain will not get her portion until 1970, leaving a five-year gap in our deterrent. If it does not satisfy Pentagon requirements, it may be scrapped entirely, or Britain may be asked to pay a major share in its development. Canada's experience should warn Britain of the dangers of basing its defence policy on US projects: after Canada had been persuaded to scrap its new manned fighter in favour of the US Bomarc missile, the Pentagon 'downgraded' the Bomarc, leaving Canada's defences in total confusion. The Skybolt could meet the same fate. Mr Macmillan knows this. But, by temperament, a Micawber, he is waiting for something – perhaps a disarmament agreement – to turn up before his policy collapses.

The 40,000 people who marched from Aldermaston this Easter are usually accused of ignoring the harsh facts of modern defence problems. Ignorant they may be: the astonishing thing is the exactitude with which their conclusion – that Britain should voluntarily withdraw from the mass-destruction race – is being forced on the 'experts' by the growing weight of technical evidence. Mr Macmillan himself is beginning to tread in the steps of the marchers. The only difference is that he is travelling slowly, blindly – and at the nation's expense. And, as usual, leaving the Labour leadership struggling far behind.

Comments on the Week's News

News from Barbary

The agreement of the South African government to talks with Mr Hammarskjold is further indication of the differing voices now speaking within the Nationalist camp. The shock of the events which have occurred during the past month has clearly raised apprehensions about the effect on world opinion. Now that the Malayan Prime Minister is to raise the issue of South Africa at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, the South African government must realise that it cannot escape from the bar of international judgment. Nevertheless, in spite of this new sensitivity to outside criticism, the government still pursues its brutal line, using all the forces of the police to crush African nationalism. The failure of the projected strike this week shows the extent to which the authorities have managed to sieze the secondary leaders who have been trying, from underground, to carry on the work of African organisation. It also shows a lack of judgment among these leaders; it was hardly reasonable to expect the African workers to sacrifice still more of their meagre pay so soon after the stay at home of a fortnight ago. In spite of this continued police action, divisions of Nationalist opinion on internal policy have begun to show. On the same day that Mr Sauer, the senior minister, was calling for a new attitude towards race relations, Mr de Wet, Minister for Native Affairs, was insisting that policy would remain unchanged. The dichotomy should not be taken as a sign of weakness, but rather as an indication of the varying minds let loose when the strong will of Dr Verwoerd is removed. The Nationalist power remains unchanged, and all the indications point to the fact that for the moment African organisation has been crushed. Now that leading refugees, such as Oliver Tambo, Usuf Dadoo and Ronald Segal have escaped to this country (the Bishop of Johannesburg is expected at any moment and others are crossing the borders into the Protectorates), the world will be able to learn the truth from first-hand knowledge. Their news must herald a determined effort from Britain and the other Commonwealth countries to support the progressive forces now so hard pressed inside the Union.

America's Korean Albatross

The serious rioting which occurred in Seoul this week, producing a death-roll exceeding the Sharpeville massacre, is merely the latest in a series of violent episodes which have spread over the country during the last four weeks. The Syngman Rhee regime, which enjoyed some genuine popular support during and immediately after the Korean War, has aroused increasing opposition during the last four years. Discontent can be grouped under three heads: (1) Rhee's practice of classifying all effective opposition as Communist, a device which few challenged in the early post-armistice period, but which is now palpably designed to perpetuate one-party rule; (2) wholesale corruption, particularly in the administration of US aid (Korea receives more direct dollar aid than any other country in the world), which recalls the last days of the Kuomintang regime; (3) outright manipulation of electoral returns. In recent months, economic recession has intensified the purely political grievances, particularly in the large towns, and the scandalous rigging of the 15 March elections touched off what has now become a popular revolt. Washington is plainly alarmed by the turn of events, for in the last few days the rioting has acquired a distinctly anti-western flavour. It is feared that the North Koreans and their Chinese allies may be tempted to exploit the situation by infiltrating across the frontier, or even by a direct probe. If this happens, the Americans' dilemma would be acute: for only two under-strength divisions remain of the vast US force which was found necessary to contain Communist conventional power. Should North-South fighting break out, the pressure to use tactical nuclear weapons would be almost irresistible. The tone of Mr Herter's warning to Rhee makes it plain that the State Department is anxious to break its hitherto close association with the regime; indeed, there is little doubt that Washington would like to force Rhee into retirement. This may not be easy: Rhee is as obstinate as he is old, and in the police force (if not the army) he has a loyal and effective instrument for maintaining his position. The Americans are now reaping the consequences of their unqualified support for a man who has never regarded democracy as anything more than a convenient anti-Communist slogan.

The Mystique of Kenyatta

The move of Mr Tom Mboya to organise a civil disobedience campaign for the release of Jomo Kenyatta is to be taken as being strictly for internal political purposes: Kenya African leaders are in competition to secure popular support by invoking the name of Kenyatta. The denunciation of Mr Mboya by both the Minister of Housing, Mr Amalemba, and the secretary of the Kenya African National Union Committee, Dr Njoroge, indicates the opposition to Mboya's quest for leadership. The fact is that Kenyatta's name has such mystical virtue that it is probably the trump in the leadership stakes. Nevertheless, the launching of a civil disobedience campaign during the preparation of the new constitution could hardly assist African progress towards self-government, responsibility and ultimate independence. At the same time there is clearly a strong case to be made for the Governor to hold immediate consultations with all African leaders about releasing Kenyatta from his present restrictions. Unless the Kenya government acts quickly, the whole prospect of constitutional progress may be impaired. Kenyatta is still considered as the African leader above all others and, unless he can be brought back to the political scene, the use of his name may well stir up again those emotions which so gravely retarded political development in the past and were used as an excuse to delay progress.

Treasury Roundabout

Ever since the end of the war Britain has undergone a recurring sequence of economic discomfiture. It starts with a serious deficit in the balance of payments. This is met with brave words and a cut in investment. This in turn slows down the expansion of production and the growth of productivity, but it produces a favourable balance of payments. As soon as this materialises, the Chancellor takes credit for the improvement and reverses monetary restrictions. (If he is Tory, he persuades the Prime Minister at this point to hold elections.) Consumption expands and so – but to an insufficient extent – does investment. The Chancellor is then pressed to liberalise the import of goods and the export of capital. He does so. Liberalisation coming on top of the expansion of demand promptly produces a deficit in the balance of payment. An atmosphere of crisis envelopes the country – and, if the Chancellor is Labour, he presses the Prime Minister to hold elections. Investment is cut, and with it the growth of production and productivity. And so on. The Board of Trade announcement that March imports reached a peak and that the visible trade gap widened to £71 m. was immediately followed by an explanation that, if seasonal influences are taken into account, the situation is not quite as dismal as it looks. But the point is that it is no better than it was in 1959, a year which ended with a severe adverse balance. The longer the rise in imports lasts, the less plausible is the explanation that it is being caused by a temporary rise in stocks which cannot go on indefinitely. Liberalisation seems once more to have taken its toll, and we are unlikely to escape our pattern – especially as the increase of tariffs in Benelux and Germany is bound to affect our exports. Is it too much to hope that after our sixth post-war exchange crisis the Treasury and the Bank of England have learnt the lesson?

Death on the Roads

No one should envy Mr Marples his job. Fifteen hundred casualties including about 75 deaths is an ugly price for the week-end holiday, and the figures will clearly get worse with an extra 50,000 motor vehicles on the road at Whitsun and an incalculable increase in the summer beyond. Everyone has a remedy to offer. Some of the suggestions would help a good deal over a period of years, but few seem likely to be effective to lessen the 1960 holocaust. Forcing heavy goods traffic off the roads and on to the railways; building a few more M1s to take some of the fast traffic out of the minor roads and lanes – such long term measures are obviously necessary. So is far more drastic enforcement of the law against careless, dangerous and drunken driving. A useful short-term remedy would be an extension of the system of double white lines to indicate where all 'overtaking' would be an offence. It seems doubtful whether the suggestion which Mr Marples is reported to be considering of banning all 'overtaking' on main roads from the cities to the seas during holidays could be enforced. The fact has still to be faced that large as the casualties are in total, they are still small enough for the individual to feel the risk worth running. There may have been as many as 12 million people in five million cars on the country roads during Easter; so statistically 1,500 casualties is not large. The fact is that the car is a lethal weapon and in the society we have chosen we allow it to be put freely in the hands of any incompetent person who asks for it. The number of deaths is not so terrifying as to make the long-run alternative – some sort of road dictatorship and much more severe restrictions on the rights of individuals to drive cars – seem to the ordinary citizen a tolerable one.

Unity among Teachers?

Among the resolutions passed at the annual conference of the National Union of Teachers probably the most important was one adopting an outline constitution for a professional organisation covering all teachers. At present, like railwaymen, they are divided into groups, each jealous of status. The new organisation would not be monolithic. Within it separate autonomous bodies would co-exist. It would also embrace people like youth leaders and school inspectors. One immediate effect of such a coalition would surely be that teachers would make a much greater impact on society. Its existence might also help to reduce the present conflict of interest between different kinds of teachers in different schools. But this conflict, often unreal and usually harmful to the profession's best interests, is precisely the factor which is going to make the plan for unity difficult to achieve. One of the principal grounds of conflict emerged during the NUT debate on salaries. A resolution was passed urging that the salary range be increased from £520-£1,000 to £600-£1,200. It was very important, NUT members urged, that an increase be sought in the basic-pay scale rather than in differentials. Certainly this feeling is very strong among the Primary school teachers who form the bulk of NUT members. Among Secondary school teachers of all kinds the feeling is inevitably less strong, since they benefit so much more from these differentials than do Primary teachers. Unity to them will seem an attempt to improve the status and rewards of the Primary teacher at their expense. This attitude is understandable; but – whether teachers like to admit it or not – disunity is as harmful to them as it is to the railwaymen. In the long run the profession can only benefit from unity, if only because in social terms it means strength.

Bankers' Advance

The report of the bankers' mission to India and Pakistan is an eloquent proof of the intellectual advance made in financial circles in the last few years. The needs for foreign assistance are assessed not by the financial capabilities of the countries concerned, but by the necessity of weakening 'the familiar vicious circle of low incomes, low savings and continuing low income.' Indeed the report observes that if the necessary assistance were 'made available entirely in the form of long or short loans on normal commercial terms', the resulting debt service would impose 'an intolerable strain' on the two countries. This note is reminiscent of the famous declaration by Roosevelt in inaugurating lend-lease or of General Marshall's Harvard speech. If it is heeded by governments of the rich countries and by the International Monetary Fund and Bank, there is some hope of avoiding a financial crisis in the under-developed world, and even of meeting the Communist challenge in Asia. The bankers did not (unfortunately but understandably) deal with the need for mobilising the under-employed peasant masses. It is not sufficient to give fertilisers, seed and credit, or even technical assistance. A rural revolution, with public works undertaken in the slack season by the vast peasant masses, a reorganisation of the ineffectual land holdings through cooperatives, are essential measures – though still beyond the horizon of even enlightened bankers.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Nicosia

The Cyprus Sickness

Charles Foley writes from Cyprus: You could call it the Cyprus sickness, that personal change which afflicts the visiting politician once he has inspected the guard of honour at the airport and the doors of Government House have closed behind him. He may be a Tory cavalier like Macmillan or Lennox-Boyd; he may be a Suez sniper like young Julian Amery; but the symptoms are unmistakable. Candid blue eyes become hooded, lips are set firm, speech slips into sybilline obscurity.

This time, the visitor seems to say, Makarios is going to be outfoxed; no chances must be taken, no trust extended. Fair enough, from the professional viewpoint; and there is no doubt that, even if Mr Amery fails to present his masters with Makarios's hide intact, he can easily convince them that nobody could have done more to get it. Whatever comes of this final round of talks in Nicosia, Mr Amery has saved the last square mile of stony scrub around the bases, the last Naafi privilege, the last pound sterling for the Treasury. But hard dealings, pressed too far and for too long, may jeopardise the real issues – the £100m investment in the bases (without Cypriot co-operation they become merely a bridgehead in hostile land); the safety of our troops and airmen during their constant passage through the territory of the future republic; the damage which too tough a bargain may inflict on the authority of Makarios and his Vice-President elect, Dr Kuchuk, who have to carry out its terms.

It is to be hoped that future envoys from Whitehall will also bear in mind that ultimately there is only one safeguard that counts: the establishment of an identity of interest which will make the new republic a contented partner in the Commonwealth. Today, after the niggling negotiations of the last few months, tempers are sore in Cyprus and we must look for a generous gesture to close the deal. In particular, Cypriot suspicions of bad faith were awakened at the start when Mr Amery was accused of employing the very ruse which the Tories have laid in the past at Makarios's door with virtuous indignation: using today's concession as the springboard for tomorrow. It happened in mid-February and has not been forgotten. Both Makarios and Kuchuk, who acted as mediator, insist that it is true. They say that Mr Amery agreed to split the difference on the size of the sovereign area left to Britain at the mid-way figure of 80 square miles. His words are quoted: 'even if I have to shoot some generals to put it through'. No generals were shot. Instead, back in London for consultations next day, Mr Amery repudiated any agreement of the kind. The Foreign Office backed him up. An extraordinary misunderstanding.

Makarios came under fire at home for meeting the British at a halfway-point which now had vanished – he would have to yield still more. At the same time, mounting unemployment and trade stagnation due to the uncertainty made his position precarious. Talks went on in an atmosphere heavy with mistrust. Everyone knew that an agreement would release millions of pounds to put the situation right. Many suspected that the British were using the economic squeeze to enforce their terms. Even a half-million pound relief scheme was mysteriously held up by the Colonial Office. For six more weeks the talks dragged on. Then, on 1 April, the anniversary of the Eoka rising, Makarios burst forth with a threat to proclaim the long-delayed Republic and a civil disobedience campaign against the British. As if to justify those of his critics who complain that the Archbishop has been too patient, new instructions came from London. Mr Amery brought his 'minimum' from 120 square miles down to 110, then to 100. The Archbishop went up from 80 to 90. With infinite precautions each side moved to close the gap. Of course Makarios laid too much stress on limiting the sovereign area of the bases, while offering the services all the further facilities they need outside. Once he had secured the civil administration of these zones, their size was of little practical importance to the Cypriots. But then a patriot is expected to fight for every inch of soil; it was the British who could easily have taken the larger view on this and other problems, such as the trading rights of Naafi in the republic.

In fact, as all here know, the main argument is totally unreal. No self-contained bases can exist in Cyprus. On the other hand, the Cypriots realise that, in the event of trouble, the army can overrun the whole island in an afternoon. Each side is dependent on the goodwill of the other and on nothing else. It is time, one feels, to end the love-hate relations which have persisted through 80 years of British rule in Cyprus. It is time to seek a more prosaic partnership, based on sympathy and common interests – which were never more evident than they are today.

New York

Funny Fellow

Adlai Stevenson is back with the old magic; and if a poll were taken among newspaper reporters there is small doubt that he would again be their favourite for the presidency. In the political world of dusty rhetoric and mangled syntax they were refreshed once again by the grace with which Stevenson last week denied his candidacy while making it plain that he was wide open to argument. This being an ancient rite, it is not easy to find fresh ways to say yes and no at the same time, but Stevenson was equal to the occasion. He could not say that he would accept a draft, he pointed out, without being accused of courting one. But, he went on, 'if I said I would refuse a draft, I would be a draft-evader. So I just don't say anything at all.' Translated, this meant, 'If you want me, you have only to say the word.'

Throughout the news conference Stevenson's quips had that combination of urbane humour and deep seriousness that have endeared him to the civilised. He could not say whom he would like to see as President in view of the desperate state of the world without sounding 'irreverent', but as second best, he would settle for any of the Democrats now in the running. Reminded that he had once called Nixon 'McCarthy in a white collar,' he commented: 'Not bad.' But when he was asked if he had noticed any major change in the Vice President since that time, he declined to discuss the subject, as one who still believed in the final 'redemption of souls'.

In every way this is the Stevenson of 1952, rather than the remodelled figure who ran four years later under the tutelage of hardened professionals. Now, as in his first attempt, he will not lift a finger to get the nomination, whereas in 1956 he fought Kefauver for it in the primaries, shaking thousands of hands on scores of courthouse steps, chatting ingratiatingly with women in supermarkets and men in barbers shops, and otherwise comporting himself in the manner prescribed by ritual. Between now and this year's convention, by contrast, he is scheduled to speak only at universities.

In the same defiant way, apparently, he intends to let his wit show in spite of the perils that beset the humorist in politics. Those perils, arise, it seems, out of the coexistence of two bits of national folklore as contradictory as they are cherished. One is that we are a fun-loving people with a sense of humour unmatched since the beginning of time. The other is what might be called the Solemn Ass Theory, or Corwin's Law. A century or so ago one Senator Thomas Corwin, a slightly embittered wit himself, laid down the proposition that 'If you would succeed in life, you must be solemn, solemn as an ass. All the great monuments of earth have been built over solemn asses.'

A result of this dualism is that everyone feels entitled to see the lighter side of politics *except* presidential candidates, who are most in need of such relief. Having to display their qualifications for aspiring to become a national symbol, they are no more expected to be funny than the bald eagle. And in fact, except for Lincoln and occasionally Franklin D. Roosevelt, American presidents from Washington to Eisenhower have reserved such humorous gifts as they had for exclusively private use. As Wilson once complained 'The office is greater than [its occupant] can ever be and about the most he can do is to look grave enough and self-possessed enough to seem to fill it.'

In the 1952 campaign, both Eisenhower and Nixon repeatedly chided Stevenson for his alleged frivolousness, maintaining that the campaign was not a 'laughing matter', and Republican cartoonists often depicted him with a jokebook under his arm. Stevenson gaily dismissed all this as 'the Republican law of gravity', but when he lost, many analysts held this attractive aspect of his nature against him. Pressed or depressed by his managers, he ran four years later as a much subdued man, only to lose even more emphatically. Should he try a third time – and there is a fair chance that he will in fact be drafted – he would evidently run once more as Adlai Stevenson, complete with native wit. And no one doubts that the campaign would be the richer for it.

ROBERT BENDINER

Fleet Street

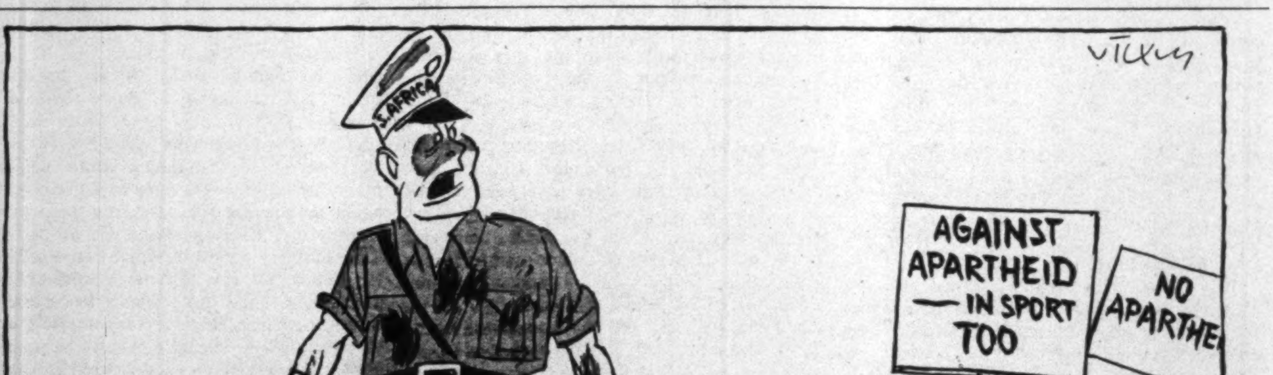
You Can Rely on René

The Times, as we all know, has its own sense of news values. Its opening report on the Aldermaston march on Saturday occupied exactly four inches (including headlines) in an inconspicuous down column position on a subsidiary news page. The fact that, as the headlines faithfully recorded, 10,000 people were marching in the biggest demonstration known in Britain for a very long time, was considered slightly less newsworthy (only two-thirds as much so to be exact) than the fact, given six inches at the *top* of a column on the same page, that Mr Caborn-Waterfield had been fined £30 for dangerous driving.

On the same day the *Guardian,* whose frivolity in such matters no doubt often troubles that old Mancunian Sir William Haley, considered the beginning of the march worth a three column picture at the top of its first page with a two-column story underneath: 'It was not only the biggest turn-out this annual protest has had but also – experienced onlookers thought – the most impressively serious and sober.' The *Daily Telegraph* also considered that the demonstration was worth a three-column picture at the top of a main news page with a long double column story underneath, one paragraph of which must surely have caused *The Times's* news editor to ponder a bit: 'This year's demonstration was marked by a great increase in the proportion of doctors, lawyers, architects and other professional people taking part.' Can it be that *The Times* is losing touch with the top? And the *Mail,* whose views on unilateral abandonment of the bomb are as orthodox as those of *The Times,* gave it the best part of a full column report on its first page. On Monday *The Times* decided to increase its space allocation. It put it up to 5½ inches (Headline: '20,000 Anti-Bomb Marchers') and a picture. However it kept its sense of proportion by giving double this amount of wordage to a story about foxes.

The rest of Fleet Street had no inhibitions. '7-Mile Peace Army Enters London', announced the *News Chronicle* on its front page. 'Now It's 20,000 On The March', shouted the *Herald.* 'Biggest March Ever Pours Into London', declared the *Mail,* whose reports were throughout remarkably sympathetic. Even the *Daily Express* decided that this was a matter that required investigation. It sent William Hickey along. 'Mr Hickey', of course, did not waste time on principles. 'Where's Penelope?' he asked across six columns – Penelope being Mrs Penelope Gilliatt, the wife of Dr Roger Gilliatt, whom Mr Hickey likes to describe, with what no doubt passes for wit in his dowdy world, as 'the second best man'. Mr Hickey and his fellow dealers in tittle-tattle are not feeling very kind to Mrs Gilliatt since she published in the *Queen* an article, justly entitled 'The Friendless Ones', which dealt crisply with their sordid trade and the creatures who make a living by it. Mr Hickey had heard Penelope would be on the march and he was all agog to know what the Royal Family would think about *that.* However he didn't find her.

Faced by the rally in Trafalgar Square even *The Times* was forced to the conclusion that the time had come to accept the fact that this was news. It surrendered gracefully, devoting to the demonstration no less than a


VICKY
S. AFRICA
AGAINST APARTHEID — IN SPORT TOO
NO APARTHE

'That's Not Cricket!'

full column on its main news page, plus a five-column picture. In the rest of Fleet Street it was for most papers the biggest news of the weekend. Only the *Express* remained unimpressed – even although it admitted on its front page that the scene in Trafalgar Square was 'fantastic'. The day before, the *Guardian* had commented in a leader: 'It is no longer possible for the marchers to be dismissed as an unrepresentative handful of cranks'. The *Express* accepted this challenge. It sent René MacColl along. He did not fail them. 'In dismay (and anger!) I write from Trafalgar Square', he reported across four columns on the leader page. 'A great conscience cavalcade' the *Daily Mail* had called it, of, for the most part, 'quietly dressed people from suburbia'. But not to the practised eyes of MacColl. What he saw was 'the sort of hairy horrors who think it intellectual not to wash more than once every three weeks . . . the sort who promiscuously signed the Stockholm Peace Pledge – a blatant Communist-line trap – some years ago . . . the bearded and bejeaned ones limping in from Aldermaston on many a hard earned bunion . . . Exhibitionists, show-offs'. You can rely on René. He should be getting another of those nice telegrams from Beaverbrook any day now.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Leader

WHO were the Aldermaston marchers? It does not matter whether they and their sympathisers in Trafalgar Square were 60 thousand, 80 thousand or a hundred thousand. It matters that this, their third march, has been taken seriously everywhere; even their critics in the press have not found it funny that a few of them should rock 'n' roll by the Albert Memorial or wear the odd clothes that are affected by teenagers of this generation. It also matters that at the week-end the Co-operative Party testified to the marchers' influence by reversing its previous view and coming down solidly in favour of unilateral renunciation. What matters even more is that the marchers included just those young people for whose support poor Mr Morgan Phillips has now been entrusted to seek in recreating Labour's lost youth movement. That means conflict and weakness in every constituency. In every part of these islands the politically conscious and eager young people who should be looking forward to a Labour government giving a practical interpretation to their idealistic slogans are leaderless and rudderless. One of the few things they are sure about is that the leader of the Labour Party treats them with contempt.

I have known political leaders who were hesitant, too anxious to please or lacking in courage when they differed from an opinion strongly held in their party. But Mr Gaitskell is the first I have known who seems positively contemptuous of those on whose support his chance of future power depends. In this, of all weeks, he has reiterated his view – one that has been abandoned by the government, the militarists and even the experts of the Pentagon – that Britain should have its own private nuclear deterrent.

Labour leaders have been of two types; both have been found necessary. The popular spokesmen for the masses, who want to change the world, have had with them Fabians and bureaucrats to make concrete policies out of idealistic aspirations. The party by its very nature must be a collection of heterogeneous opinions, held together by broad universal purposes. The two outstanding aims have been to substitute a Socialist for a capitalist form of society and to remove the curse of war. Mr Gaitskell has challenged the first of these in his campaign against Clause 4; the compromise which he accepted was in effect a retreat. The second purpose, the repudiation of war, is now the most powerful binding force in the movement and its current manifestation is the demand that Britain should repudiate the bomb. Mr Gaitskell will have to face a steady movement towards unilateralism in the party and some leading trade unions are coming down on the side of the nuclear disarmers. It is too soon to prophesy the result of a conflict on this issue at this year's annual conference, but a further compromise will be difficult and Mr Gaitskell is unlikely this year to have Mr Bevan to save him once again.

One must assume that Mr Gaitskell's object is to rid himself of all opposition within the party. Perhaps, like M Guy Mollet, he prefers a small disciplined group to a large, troublesome and argumentative host. His refusal to allow members of the front bench to support the nuclear marchers – which is the fact behind A. J. P. Taylor's allegation that he prevented a particular member of the shadow cabinet from joining in the Aldermaston march; his treatment of Mr Crossman; his attempt to foist on the Labour Party the system which the Communists call 'democratic centralism' – all these point in the same direction. His success would mean that the party which retained the title of official opposition would consist of a minority group of liberal reformers. He would shed the bulk of the party. The rest would fragment.

That Mr Gaitskell has not already broken Labour into splinter groups is due to the hope that Nye Bevan would recover to lead the Left and also to the extreme reluctance of anyone in the party to be responsible for repetition of the great split of 1931. But fragmentation is the only possible outcome of Mr Gaitskell's notion of leadership. If he persists in it and is successful in defeating all his critics and opponents at this autumn's conference, we shall see the process of disintegration beginning; we shall be lucky if in the course of the next few years we do not find the Labour movement split into a small official party still comically calling itself Socialist, a radical party, perhaps a trade union party, a nuclear disarmament party supporting its own candidates, a Victory for Socialism party, perhaps a kindness to animals party – and as many other generous-hearted but ineffective groups as we care to imagine. If the British Labour Party follows the dismal pattern of some continental parties and breaks up into impotent groups, the responsibility will be Mr Gaitskell's.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEXT WEEK

Health Service Under Scrutiny

A special four-page supplement

Little Sister

A Profile of Princess Margaret

A. J. P. Taylor on Hungary

India Diary by Critic

Travel Diary

BAD weather stopped the planes to Samarkand; I was disappointed not to see this medieval centre of Islamic learning in its Soviet industrial setting. The sun had been brilliant when we flew in a little Soviet plane over the high Himalayas. A flaxen-haired stewardess pushed an oxygen-mask over my nose saying 'it's better for your health', in which no doubt she was quite right. The mask didn't prevent me playing chess with a Soviet engineer – chess is the best substitute for linguistic incapacity in the USSR. The stewardess told me meanwhile that she liked Jerome K. Jerome as well as Dickens. An Intourist boy who received me on the frontier told me that his favourite reading was Kipling, and he thought *If* one of the very greatest of poems. It taught you to be a man, he said.

* * *

So I had an extra day in Tashkent, which is now an industrial town of about a million people. Its big, rather dismal, functional buildings have almost everywhere taken the place of the mud-wall dwellings which here, as in other parts of Moslem Asia, were built without windows on to the street lest passers-by should catch a glimpse of unveiled female faces. A snooty American tourist recently remarked, as he saw the trams go by, that the United States had discarded trams 30 years ago; his guide replied that 30 years ago the only means of transport in Tashkent were donkeys and camels. Today there are 13 registered theatres in the town. At one of them I enjoyed a very accomplished show of Usbek dancing and singing; it was uproariously applauded. In the past there has been plenty of trouble between the Russians and Usbek nationalists; and Stalin waged something like a civil war to compel the peasants to accept collective farms. Whether there is still underlying resentment against Moscow I do not know. Political nationalism had been stamped out in the Soviet Republics; but nationalism, in the sense of regional culture and art of every kind, is given great encouragement. In this fantastic melting-pot of races you could tell the Usbeks from the Russians, Tartars and all the rest only because the Usbeks wear little embroidered caps.

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According to Russian theory, Soviet regions should not be colonies but, as far as possible, self-sufficient economic units. Since Tashkent is one of the largest cotton-growing areas in the world it is natural that, among its many large-scale industries, there should be a huge 'combinat' in which the raw cotton goes through all the stages of spinning, is then woven into different types of cloth, dyed and packed to emerge the other end ready for marketing as sheets, curtains or ladies' dress-lengths. The factory employs 17,000 workers; about 70 per cent are women, who are in charge of anything up to 48 machines. The machines seem to be all Soviet made. I asked about wages and learnt that the differentials between the floor-sweeper and the engineer or top administrator are much as they would be in the West. The highest-paid gets about ten times the lowest. I was reminded of a passage in Wendell Wilkie's *One World*, where he describes the indignation of a Soviet foreman who was asked whether he didn't wish to start a business on his own account. You can earn good money, he explained, in the Soviet Union, but no Soviet citizen would want to make money out of other people's labour. You would have got the same kind of tart reply from one of the engineers who took me round; she dressed and carried herself like a poster of a Soviet Heroine. But the Intourist guides have lost the old aggressive defensive superiority of Communism. One of them, when asked if she was a member of the Communist Party, replied with unmistakable sincerity that to be a party member was her highest dream, but she had not yet acquired the qualifications that Lenin had listed for party membership. 'The Communists', she added, 'are our best people'.

* * *

A mixed company. In the hotel dining-room I found myself sitting with two Germans, three Afghans who were completing a course of engineering before returning to run a factory in their own country; a handsome girl from Mongolia and many Usbeks, Russians, Tartars and other Soviet peoples. Service is still exceedingly slow in the USSR; meals are usually long affairs. Two small incidents suggested a lot. A man at my table, whom I guessed to be a Russian, sent his cup back to the kitchen to be washed, though the waitress insisted that it was stained, not dirty. A farmer at a nearby table bought one of the large, flat loaves of bread that belong to that country and, in packing it up in a cloth, broke off a corner and spilled the crumbs on the floor. A man from another table got up and stepped quietly across the floor, knelt down and swept up the crumbs in his hands and deposited them into an ash-tray. Not a word was said, and the farmer, who was eating his breakfast, seemed not to notice the unspoken rebuke. I understood why the streets of Tashkent are tidier than ours and I recalled how, when I first visited Russia, nearly 30 years ago, I wrote that Communism in Russia was primarily an effort by urban Marxists to impose discipline on a vast, resistant peasantry.

* * *

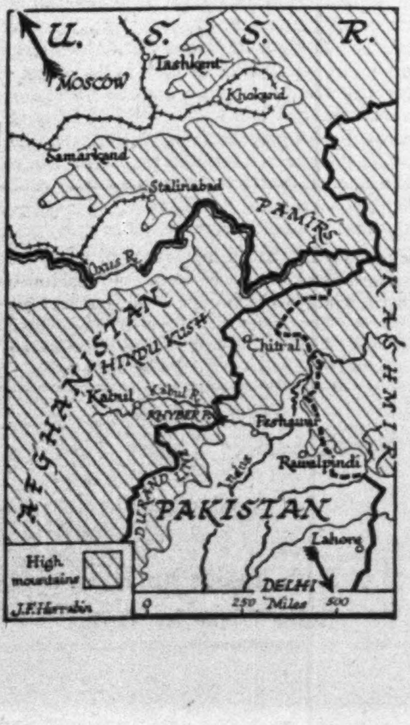
A West-German big-businessman I met on his way to Delhi and Tokyo said that, much though he disliked Communism, he was immensely impressed with what he had seen. 'A great new economic empire', he said, 'is growing up here and none of us knows anything about it'. Most remarkable of all was the standard of education. 'This', he said, 'is their really powerful weapon'. I have checked this up with an international expert who recently made a systematic study of conditions in Usbekistan. Illiteracy has been stamped out; the most careful attention is being paid to children's education; there are 16 university institutions in Tashkent alone (one of them a full university and the others specialist colleges of university standard) which, at any rate on the technical side, are of top quality. Women get as good a chance as men. I asked one of my guides about family planning and was told that Usbeks like large families and since there is a shortage rather than an excess of labour, there is no birth control campaign. Doctors will give any contraceptive information that is wanted and severely scold any woman who has her babies at home, instead of in hospital. Abortion is frowned on, but not illegal; the state will pay for the care of a fatherless baby, though it is not considered correct to have babies out of wedlock. As to religion, Islam, I know, once put up a serious fight against Communism. Nowadays it is disregarded by most of the younger generation and formally rather than enthusiastically observed by the older people. I had an interesting session with the editor of one of the many Tashkent papers. It sells over a quarter of a million in the Usbek language. I got him to analyse the contents of a half-a-dozen issues. Krushchev's speeches were printed verbatim. There was a column a day of foreign news from Tass. It gave no picture of the world outside the Soviet Union. There was local news, and letters were printed from readers who complained about this or that piece of mal-administration. Reporters were sent to investigate such complaints.

* * *

Intourist has obviously made great strides since I was last in Russia five years ago. The technique of attracting foreign tourists is pretty smart. You merely say that you wish to go by jet to Europe via Moscow and wish to stop for some days in central Asia. You pay nearly £10 a day to cover your hotel, food, the use of a car and the services of English-speaking guides. You are then promptly granted a visa, and after that everything happens automatically. You can stay as long as you like for the same rate. Thus the Russians relieve the tourist of bother, solve any problems of 'security' and collect useful foreign exchange.

* * *

Kabul, standing in a superb amphitheatre of snow peaks, is as traditional as Tashkent is modern. Most of the urban women still wear burkas, and 'development' is still in its early stages. I believe the first time that the wives of officials ever appeared at a public dinner was when Mr Nehru visited Kabul last year and, while I was there, great pleasure was expressed in another embassy because ministers had promised to come to a dinner accompanied by their wives. The government is an old-style central Asian autocracy, with an absolute monarch, a prime minister and foreign minister (who are his close relatives), an obedient Cabinet and no Opposition. An unknown number of political prisoners are detained in jail without trial. What can be said for the government is that it is no longer oblivious of the poverty of the common people and that it accepts foreign aid from both Russia and America, but tries not to fall wholly into either camp. The Russians have all the advantages. The economy, I should say, is about 40 per cent mortgaged to the USSR. The Americans keep up their end – mainly the southern end – as best they can. I am personally grateful to them for their work on the 200 miles, or so, of road, between Kabul and the Pakistan frontier. Peter Mayne, who wrote about motoring to Kabul three years ago, frightened me by his description of a 12-hours drive of sheer misery and mortification. Today, though there are still unmade patches and one breathtaking stretch of narrow crumbling track through a precipitous gorge, the drive is simply magnificent. I shall never forget the views of the Hindu Kush and the blossoming valley of the Kabul river. It took only six wholly enjoyable hours.



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Many years ago I had driven to the Khyber and looked through the gateway of British India and wondered whether I should ever drive to Kabul. Had this not been the main route of caravans and of conquest for countless centuries? Did not Tamerlane pass that way? The deep gorge, where so many British and Pathan soldiers shot each other in the last century, is now only guarded by the Khyber Rifles, an armed police. We met many holiday-makers in festive mood, packed into gaily-painted lorries. The famous British fort, near the top, is now, they told me, a school. The Pathans are, after all, Moslems, and have no quarrel with the Pakistanis, who find them ready for modern ideas; sometimes even ready to let their daughters go to school and learn shorthand-typing. The traditional British policy of keeping a fluid, tribal frontier as a buffer against encroachment from the north is out-of-date. But a new problem has taken its place. Some Pathans in Pakistan are now townsmen, not interested in vendettas and proud to have a Pathan as President. The majority still live a tribal life on both sides of the Durand Line, and many Pathans in Afghanistan have also passed out of the tribal stage. Members of the ruling families of Afghanistan claim to speak Pashtu, the Pathan language, now that it is fashionable to do so. The Afghans, with the Russians behind them, demand a plebiscite to discover whether the Pakistan Pathans would like an independent Paktoonistan – which clearly means one that the Afghans, about a half of whom are Pathan in origin, could hope to absorb. The Pakistanis reply with counter-propaganda. The Foreign Secretary reasonably suggests that the plebiscite should be held in Afghanistan to see whether the Pathans north of the Durand Line would prefer to join Pakistan.

* * *

I arrived in Moscow in time to go to a new ballet in the Bolshoi Theatre and have a momentary meeting with Ulanova, whose retirement is everywhere regretted. Whatever else may be said of Moscow, no one denies the splendour of the traditional ballet! What I dislike as much as ever in Moscow is that militiamen are posted at places where it is thought critical Russians may make contacts with official foreigners – at all embassy gates for instance. That doesn't prevent Russians talking freely to foreigners in the streets. Indeed they love to do so. I got back to London in time to join the Aldermaston marchers; I was reminded once again of what remains the great barrier between Communist countries and the West. There should be vast Aldermaston marches converging on Moscow from Soviet missile bases.

CRITIC

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He is being taught how to behave in front of the cameras that he knows so well from the other side; how to be the perfect escort, never lagging behind, or hurrying ahead of the Royal lady he is with; how to look interested in what may bore him; how to continue to talk naturally to his companions when the eyes of the world are upon him.

He has chosen his future in the full realisation of what his love for the Princess would involve.

Often this gregarious young man may be lonely – yet never again will he walk alone. Always there will be a detective just one pace behind him. – *Edinburgh Evening News*. (E. Mitchell.)

I would remind the Rev David Sheppard that a gentleman does not mix religion and/or politics with sport.

He is quite obviously mixing all three. – Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (Arnold Shone.)

What a sensible idea Sir Gladwyn Jebb had when he chose his title as a baron.

As 'Lord Gladwyn' he will sign himself 'Gladwyn'. That will satisfy his friends – and people he meets will find themselves on intimate terms with him at once. – Letter in *Sunday Express*. (K. W. Boulton.)

Traffic over the Channel bridge from England to France should proceed on the right, so as to prepare the drivers for the conditions they will meet when they arrive in France. Conversely, traffic from France to England should proceed on the left. – Letter in *The Times*. (W. H. Luck.)

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After Fifty Years

In October 1904, after my years at Cambridge had made me presumably a 'scholar and a gentleman', having won by competitive examination what in those days was called an Eastern Cadetship, I set sail from Tilbury in a P & O liner for Ceylon. I was a Ceylon civil servant. Guided or goaded by Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, Mr Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr Cecil Rhodes, the British Empire was at its zenith of both glory and girth. Though not fully aware of the fact, I entered Ceylon as an imperialist, one of the white rulers of our Asian Empire. I remained there seven years, becoming a highly efficient ruler and bureaucrat, and during my last three years in the island I administered a fairly large district in the southern province. But when I went on leave to England in 1911, though I had become very fond of Ceylon and its people and found much of the work extremely interesting, I resigned from the civil service. One of my reasons was that I had found that I did not like being an imperialist; by ruling others, I had become convinced that the people of Ceylon ought to be allowed to govern themselves.

In February 1960 for the first time, after 50 years, I revisited Ceylon. I spent three weeks there, and, owing to the extraordinary kindness of the Ceylon government, the civil service, the press, and many private persons, I was able to get a detailed bird's-eye view of Ceylon today and compare it with the picture of Ceylon as I left it 50 years ago. This was possible only because everywhere the civil servants arranged for me to go to all the places which I had known so well; they took an immense amount of trouble to show me the social conditions and the ways in which the government worked today. And wherever I went, after I had been allowed to watch from the inside the wheels of the machinery of government revolve and had listened in towns and villages to the rulers and the ruled, I was again and again asked with passionate interest: 'What changes do you see in Ceylon today from the Ceylon that you knew?'

The two profoundest changes are one psychological, and the other material. The psychological change is simply that the people of Ceylon now govern themselves and are conscious of it. Fifty years ago the Sinhalese and Tamils had no say at all in the government of their country. Central and local government was in the hands of us, the white sahibs; in the technical services practically all the higher posts were held by white men. The government was wonderfully paternal. Nearly all of us meant well; we liked the country and the people, genuinely desired their good, and had a high sense of duty and responsibility. But we were old-fashioned fathers, kindly, affectionate even, but terribly strict. We knew what was good for them, and that was that; and, of course, in order to maintain this paternalistic framework of government and society, there had to be a pretty rigid social barrier between ruler and ruled.

The effect of this was that the tempo of government and society was slow, the temperature of life among white and Sinhalese and Tamils low. Imperialism produced a social suspension of animation. Self-government has produced a complete change in the psychological tempo and temperature. I noticed it at once among the civil servants and in the government offices, in the schools and in that superb university that is being built and created in Peradeniya; there is an energy, *élan*, fire which did not exist in our day. And the effect spreads outside government and its machinery throughout society. Fifty years ago life seemed static because based on subservience; today you feel both in the streets of towns and in villages a breeze of independence blowing through men's minds, quickening their lives.

The other profound change is material, but it has had terrific psychological effects. One of the greatest – perhaps the greatest – social revolutions in the history of the human race has been caused by the motor bus. When I left Ceylon in 1911, except in the bigger towns, practically all the inhabitants lived in villages, the kind of life which had scarcely altered for thousands of years; indeed it had remained essentially the same ever since their ancestors had abandoned a nomadic for an agricultural village way of life. This way of life was physically and mentally static. For practically everyone his knowledge of the world, indeed of the universe, was determined by the number of miles he could walk in a day or at the best his bullock cart could carry him. The result was that normally a man's universe was determined by a radius of ten miles from his village.

Today the motor bus has penetrated to the most inaccessible of these primeval solitudes; where in my day, on roads and tracks, you met nothing but a creaking bullock cart or even a herd of elephants, today there rushes past you the motor bus, always packed tight from floor to roof with human beings, Sinhalese or Tamil. Where or why exactly they are going I do not know and sometimes I doubt whether they know; but one thing is certain – the motor bus is taking them, has already taken them, into a world and universe which their fathers and mothers in 1911 did not and could not know. This revolution is, of course, not peculiar to Ceylon; it is world wide, wherever the motor bus has appeared, changing the village way of life into the kaleidoscopic world of machines, the universe of motor buses. I have seen exactly the same thing happen in a Sussex village between 1910 and 1921 as has happened in the Ceylon jungle villages between 1910 and 1960.

Ceylon has entered the world of the motor bus, of mechanised transport, and that in itself is a revolution; but it has not yet begun to enter the modern, almost universal, industrialized world in which the nature and rhythm of life are completely determined by the machines. Coming back to the island after 50 years one is amazed to find that it has remained an entirely agricultural country. Colombo is a considerable city of over 400,000 inhabitants, but when you drive into it from the country you pass insensibly from the village to the town. There is no urbanized, suburbanized, industrialized ring around its centre; it is an enormous village or conglomeration of villages, with an urbanized centre, just what all large towns in the world were like before the 18th century. The reason is that there has been little or no industrial development in Ceylon.

Opinion among the Ceylonese differs about whether this is a good or a bad thing. There are many people who think that an almost exclusively agricultural economy is dangerouly vulnerable, and that Ceylon must follow the example of other Asian countries and go in for large-scale rapid development of industries. In a conversation which I had with the Governor, who impresses one as a statesman of unusual vigour and intelligence, I gathered that he and some other Sinhalese do not share this view. As an outsider from an industrialized Europe who can compare the economic condition of Ceylon today with what it was 50 years ago, I think there is much to be said for not attempting to force industrialization on a country like Ceylon, and for trying intensively to increase its agricultural production.

In recent years there has been remarkable development in rice and cotton cultivation, and I saw acres and acres of rice fields, with prosperous villages, in areas which in 1911 were a parched wilderness of scrub jungle. This development is entirely due to irrigation works, and the scope for further large-scale development of irrigation and agricultural production on the same lines is immense. I see no reason to believe that the good life and the good society in the 20th century are impossible unless they are forced into the iron framework and hideous environment of the factory and large-scale industry. The people of a prosperous Ceylon town or village, who, with the aid of modern science, cultivate the national garden and produce rice, cotton, tea, rubber, coconuts, and many other agricultural commodities for consumption or export, seem to me to live a happier and more civilised life than most of the industrial workers of Calcutta, Lancashire, Lyons, or Moscow.

The Ceylon government and the government servants, as I have said, went out of their way to let me see from the inside the working today of the government machine and the relation of rulers to ruled. It was fascinating to be able to observe in detail the changes in government and in the relations between the governors and the governed produced by the passage from imperialism or colonialism to independence in an Asian country. I had expected that, when I returned to Ceylon, I should find a certain amount of anti-British feeling, that some of the civil servants at any rate would regard me as an old-fashioned imperialist and be anxious to make me feel how much better things are in Ceylon since I and my like disappeared. There was no sign of this; on the contrary, again and again, all kinds of people, and among them many civil servants administering districts, went out of their way to praise the administration and administrators of my time. This was, no doubt, partly due to the natural kindness and courtesy of Sinhalese and Tamils, and it would be also false modesty on my part not to say it was partly due to the fact that the book I wrote nearly 50 years ago about Ceylon, *The Village in the Jungle*, is still widely appreciated there as a true and sympathetic picture of life in a Sinhalese jungle village. But that is certainly not the whole story; there are other reasons why, despite the great benefits of vigour and exhilaration which have come from self-government, there is some dissatisfaction with the present and nostalgia for the past. The psychological symptoms of this are interesting and important.

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The most notable symptom is intense dissatisfaction and irritation among government servants with what they call the politicians. I think this is a serious, even a dangerous, phenomenon in Ceylon. I must have talked to hundreds of government servants, from government agents administering districts to clerks and the most subordinate officers working under them, but I never met one who, if politics and politicians were mentioned, did not burst into a tirade against them. The politicians are, of course, the members of parliament, and pre-eminently the ministers of departments to whom the civil servants and other government officers are ultimately responsible. There are two principal reasons for this professional anger against the ministers and politicians. First, there is intense bitterness, because it is very widely felt that the politicians have treated the public servants badly, and that they (and ministers in particular) betray the civil servants if by doing so they can appeal to the mob or catch a few votes.

I will give an example which was frequently quoted to me. Mr Aluwihare, a Sinhalese, was government agent of a district in which in 1958 some of the most desperate and bloody attacks were made by the Sinhalese mobs on the Tamils. These 1958 race riots were horrible and have done untold harm to the relations of Sinhalese and Tamils. I believe – and so do most intelligent and sober-minded people in Ceylon – that if the government and government servants had acted promptly and courageously, the disorders could have been stopped before they became serious. Mr Aluwihare was one of the government officers in a highly responsible and vulnerable position who acted with the greatest courage and vigour instantly and with complete impartiality. With the forces available to him at the moment he took steps which halted the rioters and saved many lives. It is widely held that the bitter attacks on Mr Aluwihare after the riots were over were a disgraceful betrayal of him by the politicians who truckled to the evil racial forces which were the primary causes of the riots.

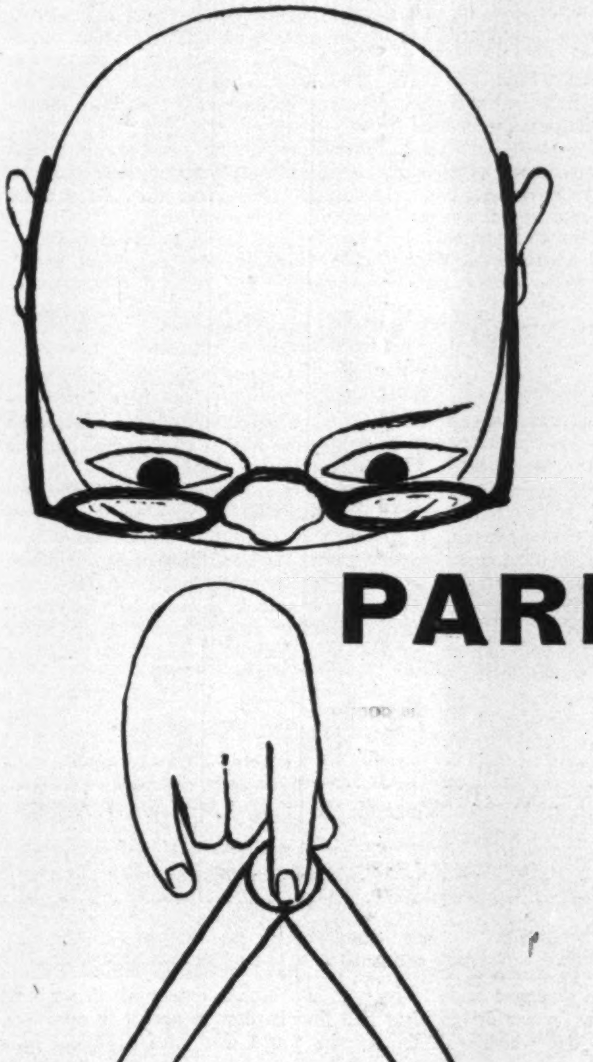
The second accusation against the politicians is slightly different. I frequently heard it stated that they and the political parties are dangerously irresponsible, that they will do or promise almost anything to win votes, and that they therefore yield to and encourage the most violent, ignorant, and vicious elements in the country. I can only report what I was told; it is impossible in three weeks to discover for oneself how much truth there is in this accusation. All I can say is that the election campaign was going on during my visit, and I observed as closely as I could the proceedings, including a large election meeting which was addressed by Mrs Bandaranaike, widow of the assassinated Prime Minister. I must say that I was rather horrified, not by Mrs Bandaranaike's speech, but by the preliminary proceedings before she arrived.

For an hour or so, while they waited her arrival, speeches were yelled through a loud speaker, the sole object of which semed to be to stoke up the worst and most irrational emotions of the crowd. Standing under the great trees and among the ruins of the ancient city of Polonnaruwa, which King Wijebahu was building when William I was fighting the battle of Hastings, I listened to a Sinhalese voice screaming in monotonous frenzy which carried me straight back to the days before the war when one turned on the wireless and heard Hitler screaming through the microphone to his frenzied Nazis.

The work and functions of the administrator civil servant have changed a good deal since my day. In 1910 as assistant government agent of the district, I was a government maid of all work. I was not only responsible for all revenue, for large-scale salt manufacture and sale, for the development of agriculture, for the control of a game sanctuary; I was also police, magistrate and district judge and responsible for the police, the prisons, all village irrigation works, and all minor roads. A large number of these duties and responsibilities have been taken away from the government agent today. His main work is confined to revenue, social services, leasing of crown lands and agricultural development. The whole headman system through which we administered the country has been abolished as smelling too strongly of imperialism and feudalism.

I have little doubt that most of this has been not only inevitable, but beneficial. There are also perhaps some disadvantages. Fifty years ago I was in intimate contact with the ordinary people – the villagers – of my district; I really knew to a large extent what they thought and how they lived. This was because I was continually riding through their villages, sitting down under a tree to hold an enquiry, listening to their difficulties, their complaints, their feuds. They trusted one, and the problems which they asked one to solve were often absurd and fantastic, but showed a relation of some value between the ordinary man and the administration. I will give two examples to show what I mean.

I was once holding an inquiry into some question in a large village, sitting in the market place, when a man ran up and flung himself at my feet. One side of his face had been shaved and the other side was unshaved. He told me that the barber, after shaving half his face, had refused to shave the other half unless he paid 20 cents, the usual price for a shave being five cents. I sent for the barber and after cross-examining the parties came to the conclusion that the man was telling the truth. I told the barber that he must complete the shave, that he would be paid nothing, and that if he cut his customer he would have to pay him 20 cents. An appreciative audience of 200 or 300 people had now gathered round us and we all adjourned to a large tree, in the shade of which we all with great amusement watched the barber complete the shave.



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On another occasion I was riding through a village when a considerable number of women met me on the path and said that they wanted to ask me something. This was in itself curious, for I do not think that I remember any other case of a number of women combining to make a public complaint or request. These women told me that because they were of a low caste they were not allowed to wear the white linen jacket which the higher caste women wore. These women were allowed only a strip of linen which they tied across their breasts. It was, they said, very inconvenient, especially when they pounded rice. Would I give orders that they might wear jackets? I said that it was not really for me to say what dress the women of Ceylon were or were not to use, but that I would have a word with the village headman. I asked the headman, whom I knew to be an old conservative, what he thought. At first, he said no, nothing could be done, the Berayala women had never worn jackets and could not be allowed to do so now. However, after some pressure from me, he at last said that he did not think there would be any objection to the Berayala women wearing jackets, provided that they did not put their arms through the sleeves. I told the women what the headman had said and asked them whether that would do. Oh yes, they said, they would be quite satisfied if they could wear the jackets without putting their arms in the sleeves.

These were trivial happenings, but they show, I think, an element in government and communal life of some value and importance in an agricultural village society. I happened to revisit both those villages in which these events had taken place and I was accompanied by the civil servant administering the district. It was obvious that nothing like that could possibly happen today and he, and most of the government officers with whom I talked, agreed that this is so and regretted that there was a less close relation and understanding between governed and governors than there had been in our time.

The causes of this are several. First, the civil servant's daily work has altered; it keeps him more in his office and much less in personal contact with the people. Secondly, it is due to the tempo of life. In my time I went round my district on a horse or on my feet; I was continually talking to people and every one knew that they could stop me and talk to me about anything. The government agent today whizzes through the village in a cloud of dust in a car or jeep; and if you pass through a village at 30 or 40 miles an hour, you cannot learn very much about it or its inhabitants. Finally, of course, all this is part of something which is happening throughout the world. The infinite elaboration of government is everywhere accompanied by a depersonalization of government. The gap between those who govern and those who are governed seems continually to widen. This may be inevitable, but it is none the less socially dangerous.

LEONARD WOOLF

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White Man's Burden

EVENTS in South Africa progress inexorably towards an end which none but the blind can fail to recognize; the end of white supremacy. Yet not all the blind are brutes, brandishing the lash or firing sten guns into unarmed crowds. The blind can also be honourable men, men who think they love the African, men who are anxious that he shall be cared for, housed, fed, and made free, so far as is economically possible, of the fruits of western civilization.

Dr Verwoerd may be a tyrant who is now reaping the whirlwind; but it would be facile to dismiss all those who believe in *apartheid* as tyrants, or even as merely stupid. It is so clear that *apartheid* can never work psychologically that it is worth trying to understand why anyone should ever have thought it could.

Because it is obvious that violence breeds violence, that men who have grasped the idea that they can reach equality cannot for long be deprived of human rights, it may be difficult to conceive that anyone could think otherwise. And yet the attitude of mind which regards the Negro as 'different' is deeply rooted, and cannot be shrugged aside as the delusion of a few power-driven Canutes struggling to stem a tide which will inevitably overwhelm them.

As a psychiatrist, I am not qualified to speak about politics or sociology. The problems of the individual are my sphere; and if I venture beyond them I invite censure. But, in the course of psycho-therapeutic work, one comes to know something of how these prejudices arise and to understand a little of how even honourable men come to regard the Negro as different, immiscible, and better segregated.

It is important to be as fully aware as we can of these attitudes of mind: for, although tyrants will ultimately be overthrown, we shall still be confronted with the beliefs and prejudices of the bulk of the ordinary, unthinking whites. Their influence is, in the end, harder to combat than that of an oppressor, who, by his very violence, invites his own destruction.

In England today it is still possible to find elderly *rentiers* who regard 'the village people' as belonging to a different species, with different needs from their own. 'They don't know what to do with the money. They were more contented in the old days before all this education. They can't save – they waste it' – such attitudes are common among people whose only relation with those less fortunate is *de haut en bas*. Things are not what they used to be – prosperity, education, even television have diminished the gap; but those whose self-esteem has been based entirely on the belief that they are better than their neighbours find it hard to tolerate the withdrawal of this support.

Similar attitudes are common amongst those who live with Negroes. So long as the black man is respectful, hardworking and virtuous, he is regarded with kindly tolerance; and many whites resent being labelled tyrannical with as much right as a lady of charitable inclination might resent being called patronising when she visits the sick or lectures the Mother's Union on how to bring up their children. The poor and the Negro may be helped and guided; but the idea that they could ever be admitted to equality is too often untenable – the difference is believed to be inherited and immutable.

At one level the Negro is regarded as an engaging child who is incapable of growing up: and, although this kind of attitude is psychologically superficial, it is none the less important.

At a deeper level the Negro is loaded with all the vices, and comes to represent those aspects of our human nature which we most fear and find hardest to accept in ourselves. During the war I was once a patient in a ward full of soldiers. The talk turned to Negroes; and, inevitably, to a discussion of their sexual behaviour. One man said that if a white woman had had sexual experience with a Negro she could never again be satisfied by a white. It was generally accepted that the Negro was both more potent and physically more generously endowed, and no one questioned this belief. No wonder that the white man wishes to protect his women from those whose sexual performance he believes to be superior to his own!

Nor is it only as a sexual being that the Negro is feared. In dream and phantasy he constantly appears as an attacker, an aggressive rebel who murders as well as rapes. In fact he becomes the personification of the crude, uncontrolled violence and sexuality which lurk below the conscious surface of the mind in all of us. We do not like to admit that within us, such forces exist. We do not like to be reminded that our civilisation is only skin-deep. It is not we who are violent – although the history of the last 60 years belies us. It is not we who cannot come to terms with our sexual impulses – although divorce rates soar and there are not enough psychotherapists to begin to cope with the mass of sexual maladjustment.

What we cannot accept in ourselves we project upon others – the old psychological rule holds good. The Jews are unscrupulous

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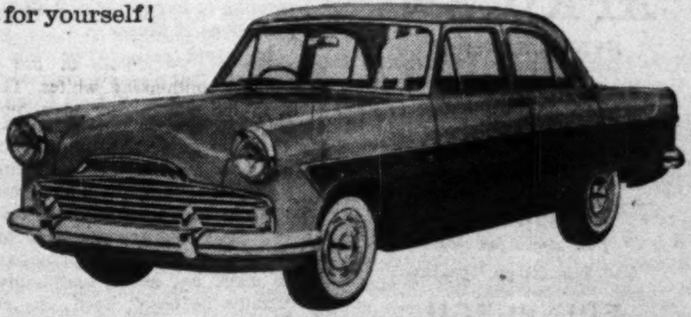

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and acquisitive: the Negroes violent and sexually insatiable – it is always the other man, never ourselves. Our own experience, in this country, of Notting Hill has brought us nearer to the stark facts of colour prejudice. It is a salutary lesson, and one which may help us to understand what is happening in Africa.

For which of us is ever entirely free of scapegoats, whether we project upon the Establishment, or the Communists, or even upon a Tory government? We can withdraw our projections only by learning to accept both ourselves and those upon whom we project our unresolved conflicts. The more we are segregated from the Negro the more shall we inevitably project upon him. That is why *apartheid* can never work. But if we achieve a real relation with him we shall no longer be able to treat him as inferior or different.

There is no reason to suppose that, if capital and the resources of technology were available, the Negro could not reach the degree of civilization which we fortunate few in the West have attained. Western civilization may be a dubious benefit – but it is nevertheless one which is ardently desired. As C. P. Snow pointed out in his Rede lecture, the trick of getting rich is now known.

What will happen, many years hence, when there are no 'inferior races' for the white man to project upon? It is fascinating to speculate. Perhaps, at last, he may be forced to look inwards and to accept the burden of his own primitive nature, the burden which he now so thankfully and conveniently loads upon the Negro.

ANTHONY STORR.

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The Second Crop

THE caravan as class-symbol is a promising if uncertain seam of inquiry. In racketeers' unlicensed fields in the Home Counties families crowd together in places without sanitation or water, tormenting themselves in manœuvres to retain respectability in their sad homes. At the same time well-fed families are bowling along country lanes in models no more expensive, halting in shady nooks to guzzle from hampers. Meanwhile along the beaches at sunset glasses tinkle behind gay caravan curtains and the light laughter hangs briefly over the dunes before pitching into the sea (or it may be the wailing of children and the heavier clash of buckets). Yet again solid citizens, goaded into revenge by boarding houses and the cost of living, hire a place in some crowded site for a holiday they can afford.

And over all broods the caravan-hater, the man who remembers the country as it was, who longs for one deserted beach. He may see Britain from an eagle-eye view as an island surrounded by caravans. He may be rich, poor or just wild with a classless aesthetic rage. This is what makes an inquiry into the caravan's role as class-symbol uncertain: the relation of cost to status-dividend is a variable, and so is any given citizen's reflex response.

Caravans, as Mr Henry Brooke sharply observed when the 'Caravan Sites and Control of Development Bill' was given its second reading last month, 'have come to stay'. The British are crazy about them, crazier than any other (if you'll excuse the expression), European nation. This year three million people here, give or take 10,000, will spend their holidays in them. In this country 60,000 families live in them, one-sixth of them probably on uncontrolled sites and some in a squalor or in circumstances so pathetic that they have to be seen to grow angry about. The Bill is aimed at controlling these sites both as holiday and, more importantly, residential places. And suggesting an inquiry into the caravan as class-symbol isn't exactly facetious, because struggles lie ahead over both the Bill itself and its particular application.

People don't necessarily live in caravans because they want to. Some do, of course, liking the cheapness and the notion of country life near the big city and the air of mendicancy – or even, if their jobs take them around the country, the fact of it. For a small family it can be an attractive life, and at prices ranging from £500 to £1,000 a caravan is very much cheaper than a house. Between this group and those who are driven out of desperation to live in these modern tents lie nice gradations of necessity.

It would scarcely be fair to say, for example, that a young married man with two small children who finds living in a caravan in Surrey tolerable, who earns £15 a week, and who pays £5 a week towards the hire-purchase payments on his vehicle or home, lives where he does from choice. He lives there because furnished flats for families with two small children are hard to come by or expensive; while council houses are impossible to come by, in his and many other cases, because he hasn't lived long enough in any borough to qualify for one. Raising a deposit to buy a house he finds impossible.

The same kind of economic factors can operate more cruelly among people with larger families or smaller incomes, when the mechanics of living in a caravan become oppressive or the hire-purchase payments a miserable burden. It can also happen, in the case of unlicensed sites, that a family may be moved from a field where, since they had been paying rent to a landlord, they had assumed safety. Finding a licensed site may then be very difficult. In the Home Counties particularly the temptation for landlords to allow caravans in fields, and for councils to authorise them, is considerable. People want houses in the green belt; houses may not be built: therefore people want caravans in the green belt.

For farmers, who usually charge £12 a year to park a vehicle, caravans are a 'second crop'. For other land-owners they can be a first crop in pieces of scrubland that would otherwise be valueless. And when a local council tries to remove caravans from unapproved sites – the Egham, Surrey, affair springs to mind – the council and not the landlord attracts the blame. There sanitation was crude and water carried in buckets.

The new Bill will give local authorities more power of control, although whether this will help the poorer people living in caravans is debatable. Caravan sites are no real substitute for housing programmes. It may be that the new powers will stir councils to resist the operator who is out to make a quick buck from parking caravans on his land; but unless houses are built where people want them – or people are actively discouraged by the distribution of industry from wanting houses in the Home Counties or the Midlands – councils will quickly come to seem Canute-like figures. The Bill, in fact, seems to express the hope that people will not want to live in caravans – at least no more than the 150,000 who now do. It may be that this hope springs from affection for the building trades, or it may be from the feeling that people who live in caravans do not matter, or it may be from a genuine bewilderment at this new phenomenon.

These three million people spending their holidays in caravans this year – now, there's a bewildering phenomenon. It may be on the North Wales coast, so amply provided (scandalously destroyed?) by caravans. Or lonely on the slopes below Bamborough Castle. Or in the shadow of a broken croft above Ullapool. Or some other charming place you could not before have afforded to visit. All the economy, or nearly all the economy, and certainly all the freedom of camping without any of its inconveniences. All the fresh air, too, and all the euphoria of self-help. And, once or twice a week, dinners at the local hotel with those nice people in the next caravan whom you'll meet again next year. And all the fun of mucking-in together. And no loutish landlady. And making the beds with a will and a song.

If all this sounds unspeakable and if you find caravans more often as the years go by despoiling your favourite view of once untouched beach or countryside, it would be just as well to rationalise your attitudes. The Scottish Tourist Board plans caravan sites throughout 'the whole of tourist Scotland' beginning in Sutherland at Loch Shin. In the Gower peninsula in Glamorgan a bitter battle has begun over a site proposed for a bay. There each side is claiming the new Bill as an ally.

The 'developer' in Gower claims he wants to make the spectacularly attractive beach and countryside available to the workers by making a site available for caravans. The local amenity society wants to preserve its unspoiled nature. Which side is one on, brother?

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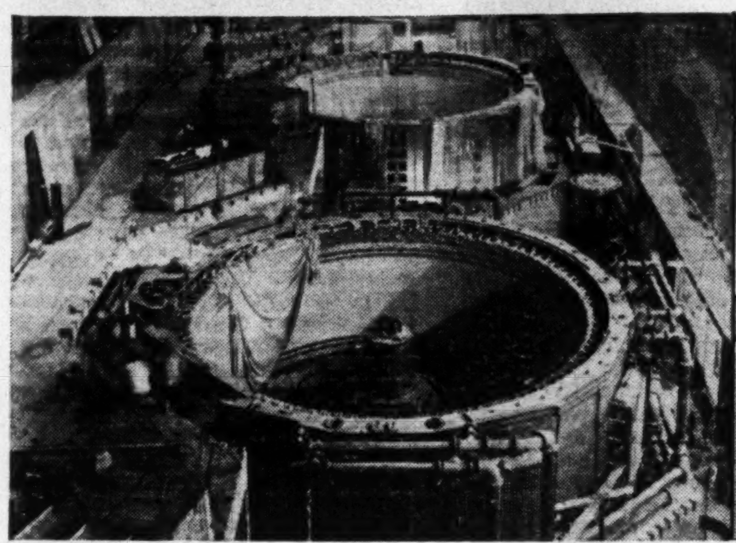

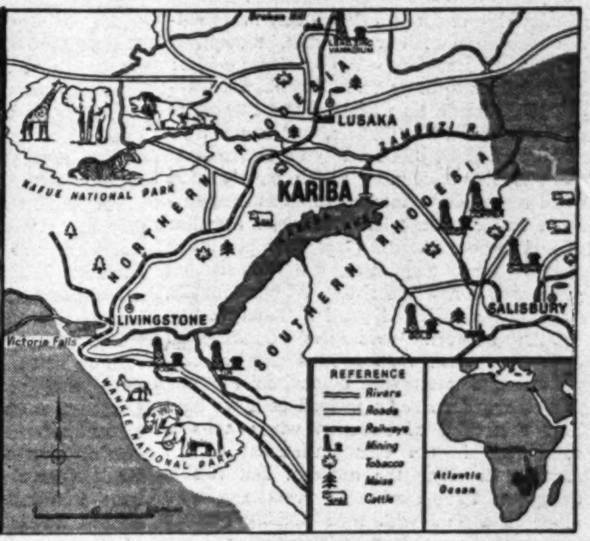

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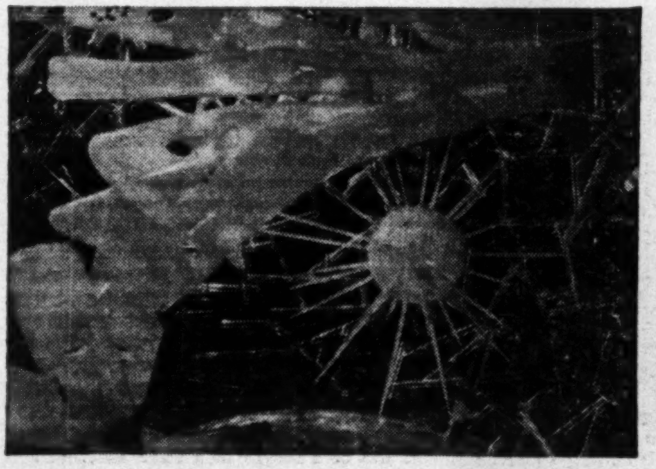

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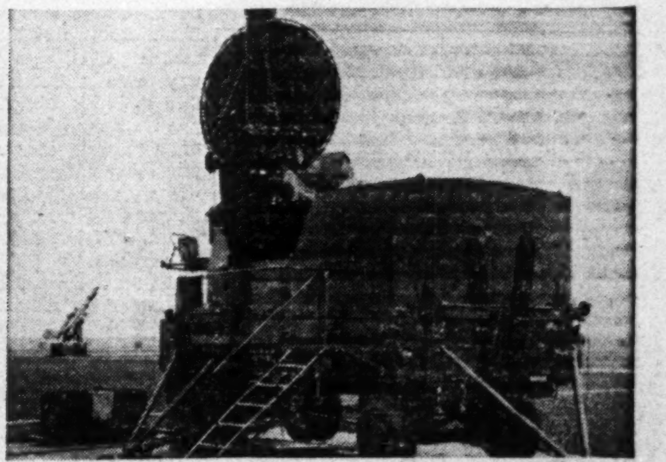

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Will the presence of caravans destroy precisely the characteristics of a place that make people desire to put caravans there? Or is it inevitable there, as in Scotland and the Lake District, that caravans must triumph, and the best that can be done is to fight a defensive planning action to make them as inconspicuous as possible? In Gower certainly the propaganda slogan, introduced by the 'developers', of workers-caravan-*versus*-middle-class-reactionary-pressure-group scarcely bears serious examination. For all that, though, it contains the seeds of the important argument: how much is to be preserved untouched without at the same time limiting the enjoyment of the untouched to the wealthy? It would be nice to think all could safely be left to local authorities, but councils which have offered small resistance to the depredations of speculative builders aren't likely to take a firm line with caravans. The Bill gives them powers to develop their own sites, but this is not necessarily a new sun rising. Within councils, especially in areas of great national beauty, conflict between 'developers' – thinking of providing work, raising rates and making profits – and 'preservers' is inevitable.

It does indeed begin to look as if we have here that kind of situation where class is submerged in the common-interest of the superior loyalty: the caravan. But this is deceptive. People who 20 years ago were alone in a field with their holiday caravan now may have 20 or 50 neighbours. They want to move on to a field where they will be alone again. But westward there is only sea: eastward there would be more neighbours. Where is one's caravan to rest? Is that a submerging of class-interest? It could be that people just like to be alone.

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The Arts and Entertainment

A Great Shylock

Two weeks ago I boded darkly for Stratford's new regime when Peter Hall sacrificed *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* to those two deities, Mimsy, God of Atmosphere, and Watchit, God of Stage Mechanics. Mercifully, the skies have brightened with the Memorial Theatre's second production. *The Merchant of Venice* is a more rewarding play than *Two Gentlemen*, and Michael Langham's production is proportionately fertile and intelligent.

Stratford's stage and resources being what they are, it would take a positively saintly asceticism not to overproduce. Moreover, Desmond Heeley's eighteenth-century designs are so beautiful and Maurice Daniels's lighting so subtle that they begin to compete with the play. The temptation is to look more than to listen, as though the speeches were there simply to orchestrate the scenery. Langham counteracts this by bringing the minor characters resolutely up to date. Patrick Wymark's Gratiano is not merely a bluff, cheerful fellow, he is also the club bore who runs on like a river while all around him throw up their hands. The Prince of Arragon (Ian Richardson), washed-out and black-suited, with mother and tutor to match, turns his choice of caskets into a ceremonial parody of bloodless nobility. Jessica escapes into a strange, nightmare carnival and the Gobbos (Jack MacGowran and Dinsdale Landen) add a little sympathetic, modern knockabout to their humour. If the producer really believes his audiences need a palliative to the poetry, this is the way to do it. But it's a pity that Langham then spoilt his subtleties by gratuitous horseplay: a servant staggering under the weight of a casket, singers getting the giggles, grimace capping grimace. There is a point at which a production becomes so sophisticated that it sinks back again into mere naivety. But in all fairness, Langham reaches it only at moments.

All the faults and hesitations, however, all the skylarking and parade, were annulled by Peter O'Toole's Shylock. I don't know what it is that suddenly produces, in all the polished adequacy of English acting, a great performance. Whatever the quality may be, O'Toole has it. One ingredient, certainly, is authority: the ability to grip an audience by its throat even while speaking slowly and hardly above a whisper. Another is sheer physical presence: like Olivier, O'Toole has an animal magnetism no matter what he is doing or who else is present; for example, while the trial rages around him, he sits deliberately sharpening his knife on his shoe; he is intent but quiet, not a movement is demonstrative, yet one can't take one's eyes off him, for all that the Venetians scurry about noisily, Portia is laying down the law and Antonio (Patrick Allen, who was impressive on his own terms) is stripped and manacled for execution. Then there is his intelligence: each word and gesture is thought out and disciplined without for a moment appearing over-rehearsed; everything seems less to be premeditated than to emerge from a central conception of the character. These all add up to – what? An inwardness, a certain inner tension: without histrionics, O'Toole imposes on the audience a pressure of emotion and dignity which transforms Shylock from an ambiguous figure hovering somewhere between caricature and melodrama into a major tragic hero.

As Portia, Dorothy Tutin wisely did not try to compete with him. She has none of that kind of authority. Her talent is all of the surface: a matter of delicacy and prettiness, with a touch of pertness and a sensitive voice that was at times so finely tuned as to sound almost piping. She was bright and easy in the comic scenes, lightly romantic where romance was needed; in the trial scene, what she lacked in strength she made up in cleverness.

Each visit to the Mermaid is more depressing than the last. It is still the most beautiful theatre in London, Sean Kenny is still the most talented designer, but it still fails to live up to its great expectations – particularly in *Great Expectations*. Gerald Frow with his adaptation, and Sally Miles with her classically unimaginative direction, have turned the novel into just another boys' adventure story, much like *Treasure Island* or *Henry V in Battledress*. An occasional Dickens caricature peers out from the welter of episodes. Gary Watson, Michael Logan, Dan Meaden, Colin Ellis and Blake Butler act competently enough. But the adult point of the story is lost entirely: Dickens was more than embarrassed by Pip's snobbishness, he was ashamed of it and deeply critical of the whole ruthless morality of ambition. One would never guess that from the Mermaid's production, which grew less convincing as Pip grew older. It is time Bernard Miles cut out the kids' stuff and got down to some serious theatre.

A. ALVAREZ

Out of South Africa

THE most remarkable thing about *Come Back Africa* is that it should have been made at all. In South Africa a film portraying facts could only be approached by guile, carried out under the noses of authority, smuggled away before its true nature was guessed. The authorities were fortunately stupid, and Mr Lionel Ragosin enjoyed the excitement of an underground operation. Determined to picture the life of a Negro in a slave state, he got licences to produce a film praising *apartheid*; at times this was travelogue, at times a musical; and under the latter guise he got some of his best material. He shot the slums, the crowds running out of trains in the morning, the road-repair gangs, street musicians, an intellectuals' huddle, the mine and the surface instruction course for miners.

All this material, much of it filched in public, was pure gold. Mr Ragosin, I should explain, had a share in the making of *On the Bowery*, that most personal exploration among the inhabitants of 'skid row'; and to the reputation of that film was added the urgency of this new inquiry. *Come Back Africa*, displacing *Hiroshima Mon Amour* after its long run at the International Film Theatre, does respond to popular curiosity and reveal a great deal. It is in fact the first real film of South African conditions we have seen; and the only pity is that Mr Ragosin, bringing off a wonderful *coup*, shouldn't have

Oh! What a beautiful day!

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made a first-rate film. He never seems to have realised his own limitations in the cutting room. The roving camera he commands. He can skilfully take the self-consciousness out of non-actors being themselves. What he can't do is stage incidents; and unfortunately *Come Back Africa* has been given a story with developments and situations that are bungled quite amateurishly. There's no fault with his discovery of a hero, a refugee from the land who seeks city work to keep his family from starving, or indeed with any of his Negro non-actors. It is only that incidents, including arrest and murder, have to be feigned; and that Mr Ragosin has very little skill in feigning even a minor situation.

The result is a film that, as film, must be marked down. How much better it would have been if its maker had been content with the material clinched by a first-rate commentary. (After all, Resnais' *Night and Fog* in the same programme achieves hugely more by such methods.) However, he had to go for the semi-feature, and though topicality has brought the undreamed-of occasion, one can only regret that daring, goodwill, and talent should have been, comparatively, scattered. By the way, the State, Leytonstone, will be showing Basil Davidson's *Upsurge*, a documentary of the African struggle made for the Ghana government, until 24 April.

The only other film in an Easter recession is *The League of Gentlemen* at the Marble Arch Odeon: another independent British production of actors having their say, and once more only making small gains on old dictatorial methods. Bryan Forbes wrote the screenplay and takes part. The story is about ex-officers with a past who are blackmailed into undertaking a Commando operation against a bank: the merit is that it is incisively military, and the bother is that it makes for slow and not very exciting action. Indeed, the other week, Hollywood with *Seven Thieves* stage-managed a great deal better. However, I've always wanted to rob a bank (as no doubt have you), and wish-fulfilment makes up for some sluggardliness. But with Jack Hawkins, Richard Attenborough, Kieron Moore, and others as familiar milling around a City bank, would even a smoke-screen have dispelled autograph-hunters?

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WHENEVER a critic refers to his duty you can be sure that whatever has triggered him off has disturbed him more than it is going to disturb you. The extra moral agitation which affects his prose tends to blunt the cutting edge of his words. I should be cautious of over-emphasis, therefore, in recommending the exhibition at the Tate given by the Contemporary Art Society – founded 'to encourage by purchase and exhibition, painters who in any other country would enjoy a certain official patronage'. The paintings, sculptures and drawings are well worth seeing for their own sake and fascinating in terms of 'so they gave us that picture too, did they?'; but it is when one reads the catalogue that one doesn't know whether to laugh or cry or jump in the Thames: the implicit criticism of the traditional British aesthetic outlook is devastating. It is all the more effective for being modestly understated:

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If this is old hat and a traditional tale which permits a gentle smile of hindsight, can we be so sure that things are so very different today? There is a danger that a great deal of ground will be lost if it is assumed that the battle is won. The CAS may well point out, 'Only a quarter of our members live in the provinces, which receive from the CAS eight times as many gifts as London'. So quick to criticise signs of centralisation of Government or Arts Council funds, why haven't the provinces responded to this generosity by organising their own groups?

What I find satisfying in the CAS success is the justification by result of the principle of letting one man at a time do the purchasing. Not only has this avoided the compromises of committee procedure, but it has encouraged buying works from the studio, which it might not be fashionable to show commercially or in which the artist has concentrated ideas not normally associated with his 'selling' style. It is clear from the catalogue that the Society has stuck to its principles from the very beginning and nearly all the purchases have been made within a year or two of the works being created.

Finally, though criticisms can be made – and the Society readily admits to its shortcomings – remember that it is an affair of private patronage. If you think you discern the hand of an establishment taste at work there is nothing, above a guinea-a-year, to stop you doing something about it.

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> Granted that the English are incomparably less rich than the Americans, are we not also incomparably less interested in contemporary art?

KEITH SUTTON

Stravinsky Ballets

IN 1928 Igor Stravinsky dedicated his new ballet, *Le Baiser de la Fée*, to the memory of Tchaikowsky. The music has something of the robust richness mixed with romantic melancholy that is typical of Tchaikowsky's own ballet music. The score is, in fact, excellent; not inspired, but so well constructed that there appears to be everything any competent choreographer could demand. It is surprising therefore that none of the past productions by famous choreographers, Bronislava Nijinska, Balanchine and Ashton, has proved worthy to be handed down through the generations. Now Kenneth MacMillan has produced a new version for the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden.

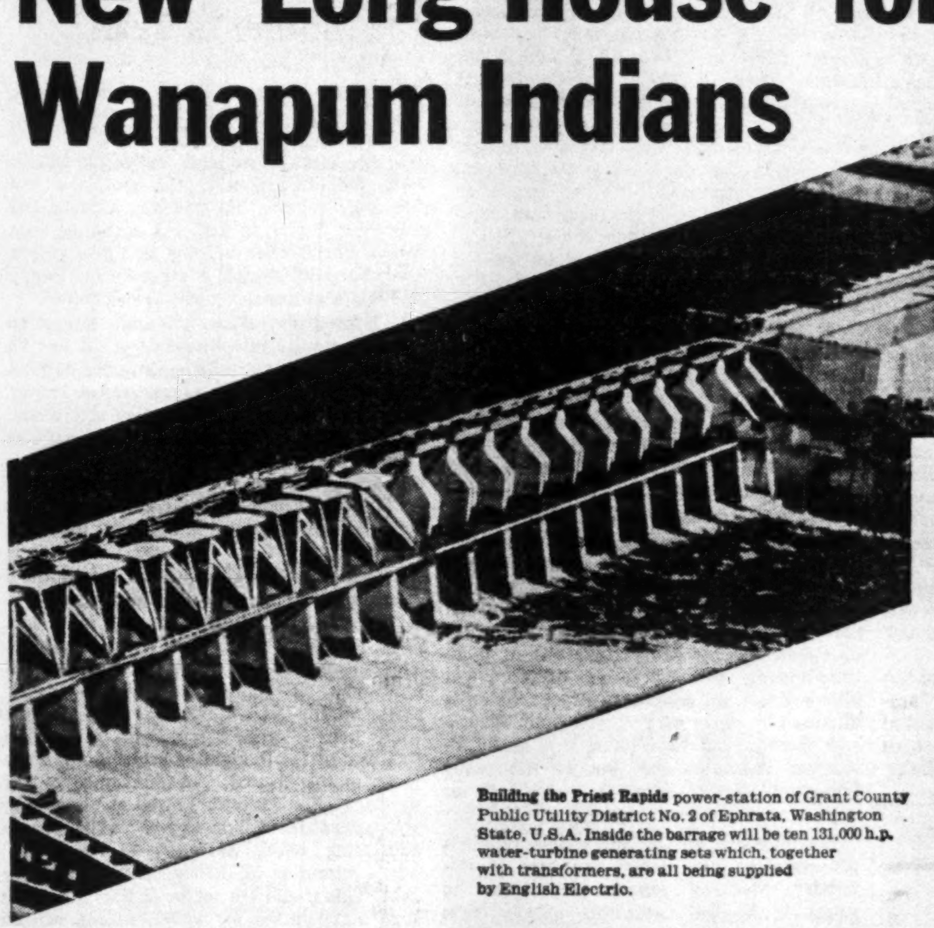
MacMillan has great understanding and sympathy with Stravinsky's classical sense of balance. He develops his steps into a pattern of movement that has the unusual ability to explain the music more fully. Almost all choreographers are satisfied to interpret sound merely for their own selfish purposes, making it clarify the dancing. It is most unusual for the dancing to clarify the sound in a positive way. But beyond this, in the present work, MacMillan has done nothing much that is original. His is a conventional interpretation, lacking in that imaginative quality which would complete or complement the musician's vision. The vitality and the overall grasp of this ballet has somehow seeped away, and we are left with a competent, unexciting addition to the Royal repertoire.

The story, adapted from Hans Andersen, is a reasonably unreasonable fairy tale. The scene opens with a storm-driven mother clutching her little one to her bosom and tottering from one side of the stage to the other. This ballet dancer, holding the doll diagonally across her body and leaning against the wind, makes an unconvincing start. Then a fairy, dressed in what appear to be lumps of Cellophane, kisses the child, thereby saving his life. This is the prologue. In the following scenes the grown boy is lured away from his fiancée by this same lustful fairy, and taken to live with her beyond time and place.

The Royal Ballet dancers are pretty capable technically but, as so often, incapable of that sensibility and fervour, that sharp sense of penetrating emotion that should catch the spectator's imagination. Donald Macleary as the young man is so decently adequate that it seems almost mean to complain of him. He is a dancer who has learnt his job well, but seems to be emotionally squashed, more to be pitied than blamed. Again neither Svetlana Beriosova nor Lynn Seymour, as the Fairy and the Fiancée, give quite enough away. They are lovely, and they are nice. After such performances I begin to hate Good Taste and long for a little reckless vulgarity.

Maurice Béjart certainly shows a kind of reckless vulgarity in his production of *Le Sacre du Printemps*, which is being given this

New 'Long House' for the Wanapum Indians



Building the Priest Rapids power-station of Grant County Public Utility District No. 2 of Ephrata, Washington State, U.S.A. Inside the barrage will be ten 131,000 h.p. water-turbine generating sets which, together with transformers, are all being supplied by English Electric.

WHEN the great Priest Rapids hydro-electric project was begun in Washington State, it meant, as so often happens, disturbing many historic sites and remains of the local Indians, the Wanapums.

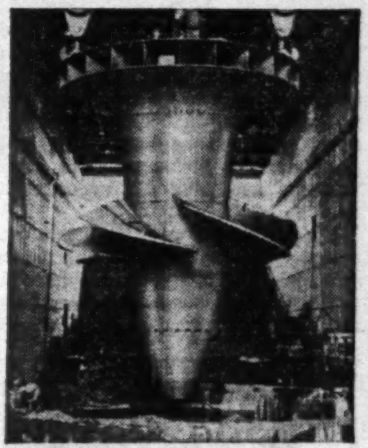
However, cordial co-operation with local authorities has removed most of the relics to museums and provided a new site for the Long House, which the Wanapums use for tribal feasts and religious rites. Now a very different Long House is reaching across the Columbia River, a massive barrier of steel and concrete. And the throbbing heart of this power-house will be the ten huge generating sets made in Britain by The English Electric Company.

Every six weeks another English Electric turbine and generator set, with its massive forgings machined to smooth perfection and its myriad windings, is added to the impressive rank of machines in the Priest Rapids power-house. As it goes on line, still more power pulses into the electrical system of busy Washington State. When all ten are installed, over 1,300,000 h.p. will be at work in the "Long House."

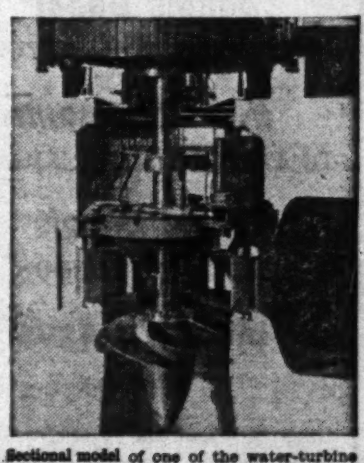
Wherever power is needed

The U.S.A. is one of the many countries where English Electric has won a high reputation and a succession of important orders. At home, too, this company, with its huge technical resources backed by long experience in many branches of engineering, is making the equipment, first to provide us with more power—from coal, oil, gas, water, the atom—and secondly to utilize it, on our railways, in our industries and our homes.

Electric power leads to prosperity, both for us in Britain and for those other countries served by English Electric whose needs are often so much greater than ours.



One of the turbine runners being lowered into position at Priest Rapids. These runners are the largest so far built in Britain and are among the biggest in the world.



Sectional model of one of the water-turbine generating sets for Priest Rapids. The feathering propeller turbine is rotated by water pressure and flow, driving the generator above it. The electrical power generated is led away to transformers for distribution to industry and the home.

POWER IS THE BUSINESS OF

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week among other of his and Janine Charrat's ballets at Sadler's Wells. 24 boys and 24 girls in leotards go through a roly-poly jumpy-humpy routine, which ends in the sexual act, or as near as may be. This is not as interesting as might be expected. Stravinsky's extraordinarily tense and powerful music puts M. Béjart's oversimplified interpretation of the rites of spring to shame. But the dancers, who come from the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels, have great vitality and control. During this week they will be dancing a variety of modern ballets to show that the spirit of adventure is still alive in young companies.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Lower than Lowest

I CANNOT understand the holiday programming strategy of television. 'Light', perhaps, yes; but why not light and good, which both outfits can do, sometimes? How do they know that the weather isn't going to be so awful that everyone will stay at home and watch? And, anyway, aren't the mass-viewers, whose taste is supposed to be mainly catered for, more likely to be identifiable as lunatic motorists sitting in holiday traffic-jams than as the quieter stay-at-homes? Surely there is some case for giving us more, not fewer, 'minority' and 'cultural' programmes at such times.

I wish I knew a word lower than 'nadir' to describe the generality of the Easter programmes: all the nadirs that I have noted at previous holiday week-ends must have been false ones. On Monday night, in particular, one was reduced to steam radio or to silence for hours at a time; not that I mind either of these alternatives, but I didn't happen to feel like listening to a story about the rescue of a trapped pot-holer, or to a talk on Freud and Lawrence by a Californian sociologist (good as both these may have been, in their ways). What BBC TV was offering was *The Charlie Chester Show* and *The Black and White Minstrel Show*, of which I will not speak because I find them unspeakable (except to say that I am glad that the latter series has now ended and that, while it may have been tolerable, in the days when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was considered edifying, that white men should blacken their faces and caper about as mock-Negroes, the perpetuation of this formula now seems to me to argue a high degree of insensitivity in the BBC). ITV, meanwhile, was offering *The Arthur Haynes Show* and *Wagon Train*. Monday night is usually *Panorama* night: the BBC was guilty of a kind of *trahison des clercs* in ditching *Panorama* (and *Tonight*) merely because it was Easter Monday (though there was an American film report on Nigeria at 10.40 p.m., which I found less enchanting than Sunday night's Italian film of Bali).

ENCOUNTER

The May issue, just out, includes

Dennis Gabor
INVENTING THE FUTURE

F. R. Allemann
TO THE SUMMIT, ANXIOUSLY

Nigel Dennis
IBSEN IN LONDON

Auden : Amis
POEMS

Other contributions by **Angus Wilson, D. W. Brogan, Constantine FitzGibbon, T. R. Fyvel, Hilary Corke, David Sylvester, Colin MacInnes, Murray Sayle, Daniel Bell, Mark Abrams.**

* * * * * * *

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

ITV at least kept *Who Goes Next?* in the programme – but I had almost rather that this too had been ditched, for a clumsy attempt had been made to relate it to the original meaning of the holiday, and the ill-drafted, fifth-form-level questions elicited from Mr Crossman and Mr Muggeridge one of those embarrassing demonstrations of confident illiteracy that are customary when religion is discussed by clever men of their kind. What a row there would have been if a panel so inexpert had discussed one of the really important English religions – football, or physics, or the care of dogs.

For televisual quality, the serious religious programmes were among the best of this holiday. Medieval passion plays done on stages in English cathedrals usually have some off-putting incidentals, but the BBC's elaborate production of *The True Mistery of the Passion*, in Bristol Cathedral, was surprisingly effective: the crowds were handled skilfully at their two levels (the ancient and the medieval), and the text had been adapted admirably by James Kirkup. I am now getting a bit tired of the whimsy of Obey's *Noah*, which the BBC did on Good Friday; but, later the same evening, *The Vow* was an excellent, and refreshingly unpietistic, documentary about Oberammergau. All the preparations for this year's Passion Play were shown in the most matter-of-fact way, including Christ's and Pilate's dressing-rooms and the highly efficient machine for handling the millions of applications for tickets. On Good Friday, also, ITV's Michael Redington tried an experiment often tried before, not very convincingly, by newspapers – treating the Crucifixion as a news-story in modern terms. He brought it off, with a superb parody of a TV news bulletin, including interviews with Caiaphas and others concerned with 'the political leader, Jesus', all in modern dress. Herod's chamberlain said that Jesus had made 'a very disappointing impression' on Herod ('a very religious man'): Herod had hoped for a miracle, but Jesus 'simply wouldn't play'. The bulletin ended with a routine report of talks in Rome about the situation in the Middle East.

A printer's error made me imply, last week, the opposite of something I was trying to say. I wrote: 'But surely we are getting away from a rigid and literal (and futile) insistence on *precise balance (except, of course, for* the time allotted to the actual party politicals.') The words italicised were dropped out.

TOM DRIBERG

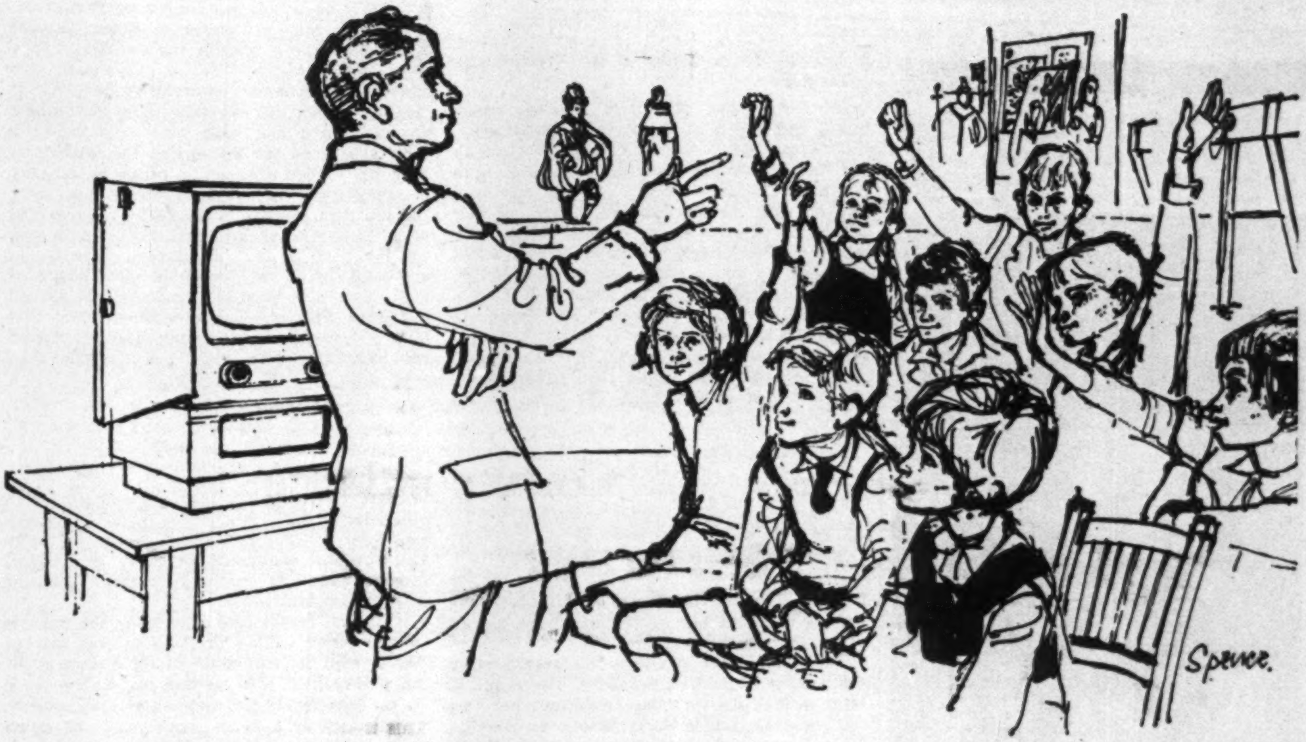
Mother of Pearl

SIR James Matthew Barrie is back and, judging by the enthusiasm and satisfaction at the Old Vic, London needs 'a Barrie' as a baby her milk. Never have we been so effortlessly fed. Occasionally the audience had their little spasms, but this was a calculated gripe; for Barrie, in rather a shocking way, always knew what he was doing – cotton wool, baby lotion and a nip with the nappy pin. We're in nanny's very capable hands.

If *What Every Woman Knows* sounds to you like a soap advertisement you'd not be far wrong; Barrie's philosophies were bubbles anyway. But what *does* every woman know? Take it or leave it, it's this: men are babies. Behind every strong man (here a pompous politician) there is a 'practical' woman (here a wee Scots wifey, called Maggie); it is really the knitting needle that writes the speeches and the work-basket is mightier than the despatch box.

This play is the serious work of a whimsical writer and to comprehend it one must go to the sugar-spice-all-things-nice that is its soil. First, Maggie is not a wife, she is a mother. This is as it should be, for whimsy never loved a woman, it adores a mother – Celtic sentimentality is forever tangling in the white hairs – and Barrie, who as a child trembled at the thought of growing up, is the most mother-fixated, cot-imprisoned writer we know. For 35 years he fed at his mother and afterwards followed her coffin with a nauseating book, *Margaret Ogilvy*, which was a pure case of cutting up the corpse for cake. This would not matter if Barrie had not such a reputation for understanding women and if *What Every Woman Knows* were not such a bustle of lady-lore – whimsy underlies it like a false bottom. Insead of thought we get the hollow Celtic lip-wisdom, the hare lip; and the one or two flashes in the play, such as Maggie's speech about charm, are good because charm is the face of whimsy and, for a moment, it could observe itself. But what is mother-love is likely also to be woman-hate. Lady Sybil, the hero's darling, is just the hussy that possessing mothers warn their sons about, with intimate criticisms of skin, hair, laugh, spots or, as here, the hiccup in the pretty mouth. Nothing in *What Every Woman Knows* reveals Barrie more than the stage directions for Lady Sybil's hiccup. The fact that Barrie wrote like a clever woman is beside the point. Whimsy juggles with the serious and is treacherous. In spite of the praise lavished upon women, *What Every Woman Knows* was to a large extent, in its 1908 meaning, a betrayal of women. Its arguments were arguments of the anti-suffragette.

Barrie certainly had mechanical flair. The first act of *What Every Woman Knows* is as neat a cutting-out of a play as ever we will see; his end-lines are like levers to bring down a curtain. But all this skill, this achievement of theatre, is puppetry; unless, of course, you can respond to *Peter Pan*. Then indeed Barrie may be marvellous. But he needs excuses; he made them for himself *ad lib;* and some of his admirers have even suggested pruning the plays of their worst excesses (*i.e.* Lob's speech comforting the cut flowers in *Dear*



Television for schools

Plans for the School Year 1960/61

School Programmes produced by Associated-Rediffusion Ltd. are intended to supplement the teacher's own work by using the resources of television to arouse the children's interest and show them aspects of school subjects which cannot easily be shown in the classroom. Teachers' Notes are supplied to over 1,000 registered schools to help with preparation and follow-up.

The Educational Advisory Council has approved plans for 1960/61 based on nearly 3 years' experience of School Television. Programmes will be provided for primary schools, secondary schools and VIth forms.

Innovations in the coming year will include an increase in the number of weekly programmes from four to six, with a repeat of each; variations in the length of programmes to suit the needs of different age-ranges and subjects; the introduction of new subjects, and a revision of past successes.

The following programmes will be produced:

FRENCH – A year's series of short weekly programmes in simple French for children in their second or third year of study of the language.

FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS – "The World Around Us", a year's miscellany series including science and general interest programmes.

GEOGRAPHY – For children of 12-14, a year's filmed series will illustrate the main geographical regions of the British Isles.

SCIENCE – A year's series for 14-year-olds on "The Story of Medicine".

ENGLISH – Another "Books to Enjoy" series designed to encourage children of about 12 to read more.

DRAMA – Two series for children over 13, one of which will encourage a more discriminating approach to popular drama.

FOR VITH FORMS – A discussion series on some of the great problems of today.

THE FARMING YEAR – A re-edited repeat of the 1957 series, for children of 9-14.

These programmes are available in the areas served by Associated-Rediffusion (London), ATV (Midlands), STV (Scotland), TWW (South Wales and the West of England), Southern Television, TTT (North East), Anglia Television (East Anglia), and Ulster (Northern Ireland).

Fuller information about plans for 1960/61 may be obtained from the Schools Information Office:—

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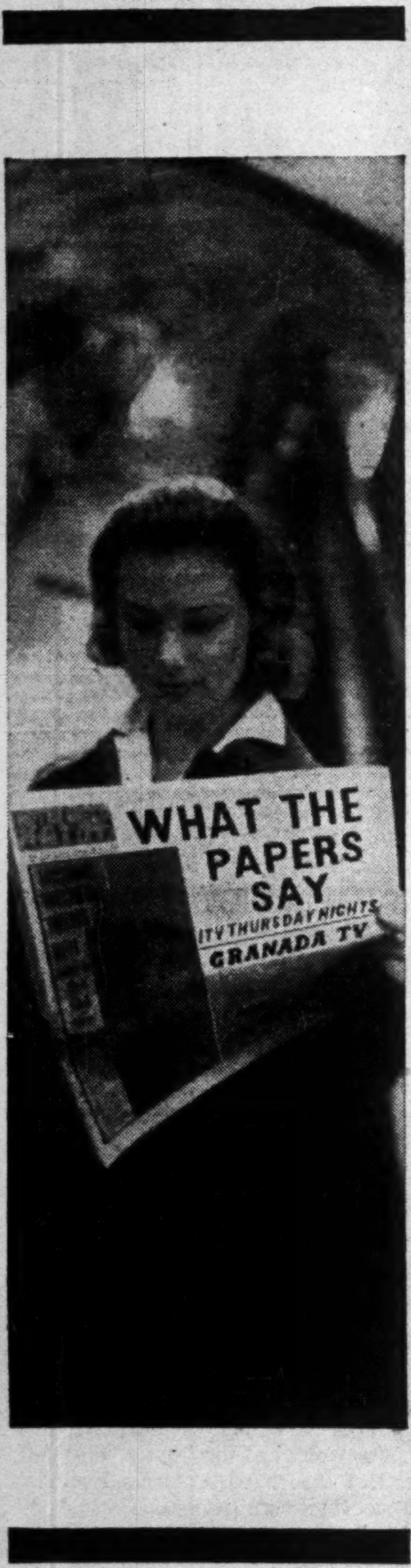

Brutus: 'Pretty, pretty, let me see where you have a pain'). But you cannot prune Barrie's whimsy; you cannot prune a vapour.

H. A. L. Craig

A Lodging for a Bride, at the Westminster Theatre

The basic theme of Patrick Kirwan's entertaining and serious little play is Mr Baldwin's – that there is little to choose between prostitution and the less savoury types of journalism. Both the prostitute (convincingly played by Jane Hylton) and the hard-shelled muck reporter (played by Robert Shaw with a nonchalance proper to Fleet Street) have a heart, and would prefer not to do so much dirt to their victim, an innocent Irish girl, if they could help it – but after all *il faut vivre*. They can't be expected to agree with her when she says at her final exit that 'there always is a choice'. Her way out is presumably the river rather than either of the streets – Fleet or Piccadilly. The scene of this betrayal of innocence is a thieves' hide-out, with Olga Lindo all that you would expect of a bawdy boarding-house keeper, and Roger Livesey more than you could ever hope for as a deliciously comic clerical confidence trickster.

The Irish girl – as innocent as Helena Hughes can make her – is married (so she thinks) to a crook who has murdered a policeman: the reporter is sent to buy an exclusive story. She is slow to realise that all these kind people are double-crossing her, each other and everyone else. In the end she learns that the love-letters from her trusted husband in prison have really been written by the journalist as newspaper copy and that her husband was already married and never loved her. Baldly told, it all sounds sad, but the truth is that it makes a most lively, well-written and well-produced play which is likely to please West-End audiences, if not all our most widely selling newspapers. Not that they will worry much; as the reporter says to the prostitute: 'We have more clients than you.'

K.M.

Correspondence

SOUTH AFRICAN TRAGEDY

Sir, – The imprisonment of Socialists and liberals has been one of the significant aspects of the crisis in South Africa.

The second wave of arrests last week doubled the number of political prisoners. The names of these people have not been published but they are known to include Harry Bloom, the novelist; Brian Bunting, editor of *New Age;* Alfred Every, editor of *Africa X-Ray Report;* ex-Senator H. M. Basner; Cecil Williams, the theatrical producer; the Rev. D. C. Thompson; Jock Isacowitz, a leading figure in the Liberal Party; and Dr Margaret Kalk, university lecturer in zoology.

In the arrest of a total of over 500 people of all races, no pattern is visible that would explain what the political police are really after. Among those interned are men and women who have certainly not been politically active in any way for the last ten years or more. Some of them were members of the old Communist Party, which was outlawed in 1950, and others left the party long before then. They include old men in their late sixties. It appears that the police, to whose discretion arrests are left, are taking the opportunity to pay off old scores against many people whom they were never able to convict of any crime. The persons whom I have named hold a wide variety of left-of-centre opinions but have nothing else in common.

The conditions in the prisons are also left to local prison commandants to decide. In Pretoria, Cape Town and Port Elizabeth some (perhaps most) prisoners are in solitary confinement. No prisoners anywhere are allowed to write letters or to receive newspapers or books. Newspapers and periodicals in South Africa are prohibited from publishing the sort of information in this letter. Everyone who has ever openly spoken out against the Nationalist government now lives in nightly fear of arrest. If I signed my name, I should myself be in danger of internment.

Dissenter

[The writer of this letter is well known to us and of the highest repute.—Ed. NS]

POLITICAL PRISONERS IN PAKISTAN

Sir, – Giving two examples of releases of political prisoners in Pakistan, your correspondent adds 'and I am told there are now no political prisoners in Pakistan'. It is difficult to understand how this could be written in Rawalpindi, since even a reading in London of the English language censored daily Pakistan press provides frequent and continuing examples of political imprisonment by military courts operating martial law regulations.

A typical recent case illustrating the hazards of newspaper editing in Pakistan was that of Mohammed Saleem, editor of the Lahore daily, *Hilal-e-Pakistan*, who resisted two orders made by the government forfeiting an existing security, and demanding a much greater sum for future good behaviour, because in the opinion of the government an editorial under the heading 'Healthy Politics' brought the government into hatred and contempt. The West Pakistan High Court last December, despite long and extraordinarily illiberal arguments advanced on behalf of the government by the Assistant Advocate General, quashed the orders in an 11-page judgment, saying 'We think it is particularly necessary for the government to display large heartedness, create goodwill and dispel suspicion. Suspicion is like a worm which eats away the bottom of things unperceived'.

The military government responded to these judicial comments in typical fashion, by arresting Mohammed Saleem and charging him under the martial law regulations, which state:

'No person shall commit any act or be guilty of an omission or make a speech which is to the prejudice of good order or the public safety'. This procedure had the advantage to the government of not being subject to any appeal to the High Court, (although not mentioned in the article, the higher judiciary appears to be the one bastion against complete tyranny in Pakistan), and Mohammed Saleem was summarily convicted by the military court and sentenced to six months rigorous imprisonment.

This is by no means exceptional, and the most recent copies of Pakistan newspapers available in London report further sentences of five, eight and ten years, by special military courts in Karachi, for attending and convening meetings of a political nature.

Donald Chesworth

The County Hall, SE1

BRITAIN AND EUROPE

Sir, – It was pleasing to see you devote a recent front page to Europe, but equally disappointing to see you reach an exactly wrong conclusion after so accurate a survey of the situation. After exposing Britain's lamentable record in her relations with the continent, you suggest that we should now '*force* the Common Market to deal with us on equal terms' by attempting to turn the Commonwealth 'into an integrated system of complementary economies'. In the previous paragraph you point out that the links in the Commonwealth are weakening. This indeed seems to be true, since Australia is hoping to reach a special trading agreement with Japan, and Ghana is looking towards Europe for financial aid, and as an additional outlet for her raw materials. The government has always maintained that imperial preference is an obstacle to Britain's joining the Common Market. This is a myth that has been clearly exposed in a pamphlet produced by the *Economist* Intelligence Unit, entitled *Britain, the Commonwealth and Europe*. And now you suggest that we should start building up this barrier and make the myth into a reality. It is foolish to speak of 'forcing' the Common Market powers to do anything. That would only succeed in alienating still further those we have already alienated by our arrogant blundering and bullying tactics.

At next month's conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, Britain should have the courage to face the real facts about her relations with the Commonwealth *vis-à-vis* the Common Market. They must acknowledge that the Common Market is not just a close-knit trading block, but is the first step towards the creation of a United States of Europe and an unprecedented move towards peaceful co-operation. Let us not walk backwards into the future. At this coming conference Britain should try to work out to the satisfaction of the rest of the Commonwealth some approach to the Six, offering to join them on the terms of the Rome Treaty. We should have to negotiate for a separate treaty associating the Commonwealth with the Six, but we could negotiate with convincing sincerity only if we stated clearly, and without compromising conditions, that we wished to join the Common Market. You say the Six would not accept us. M. Georges Berthoin, French delegate to the High Authority of the ECSC in Britain, said categorically in January that they could not refuse us. However, if they haggled, we should have established an enormously strengthened bargaining position and shown ourselves willing to sacrifice much for the sake of European unity. With our lead the Common Market might eventually come to include not only ourselves and the Six, but also Switzerland, Denmark and possibly the Scandinavian countries. The other less industrialised European countries would be associated with the Common Market.

The vision of a powerful integrated United States of Europe is an exciting and stimulating challenge. We need a government that has the courage, the determination and the imagination to break the irrational psychological barrier that lies between Britain and a politically united Europe. By staying out of Europe we shall harass and obstruct those countries who want unity, but we cannot in the end prevent them from achieving it the way they want it. We shall sink into the 'squalid isolation of a Ruritanian backwater', while they will replace us as the third force in world politics. We have the choice of joining them now on their own terms or fading into the sweet obscurity of a fourth-rate power.

PIERRE LANDELL-MILLS

Trinity College
Cambridge

WELFARE MATERNITY

SIR, – Gerda Cohen, in her very convincing impression of welfare maternity, touches the vexed question of hospital accommodation rather too superficially.

The problem can be solved by the following two measures: (1) Proper use of the available hospital beds; (2) provision of more adequate district midwifery services. The criteria for selection of mothers for hospital delivery should be stiffened to include only those confinements essential on obstetric grounds and the worst-placed 'social' cases. This involves co-operation between hospital almoners and local health authorities to determine the possibility of home confinement in doubtful cases through inspection of home facilities. Far too many women are today being confined in hospital when they could well be delivered at home. At present domiciliary midwives are too few in number and grossly overworked. Better pay and conditions and more co-operation from general practitioners would help to make this most rewarding practice of midwifery more attractive.

The Emergency Bed Service was never designed to deal with the unbooked maternity case. The recent increase of admissions of women in labour through the EBS has been astounding and the implications were well emphasised by its director in the *Lancet* last autumn. There is nothing more galling for a doctor, who has cared for an expectant mother throughout her pregnancy, not having been able to book her a bed for confinement when this has been indicated on adequate social grounds, to be called to her in labour, and to telephone the EBS only to be told that there are several applications in front of his at that particular time and no available beds. He does not know whether to wait, or to prepare to deliver his patient single-handed in surroundings pregnant with the risk of infection due to inadequate facilities. Likewise, no hospital should be forced to use extra beds for this purpose with the consequences of overcrowding and the spread of even more virulent hospital infection. In all fairness and gratitude, the EBS has not failed me yet!

Efficient domiciliary midwifery is the backbone of good general practice. Five per cent more hospital beds will serve little useful purpose if their occupants are not truly worthy of them. Expansion of home confinement facilities will enhance the proper use of hospitals and encourage more natural childbirth than was ever envisaged by Dr Grantly Dick Read.

DAVID S. NACHSHEN

2 Wycombe Gardens
NW11

THE DISPOSSESSED

SIR, – Following Jacquetta Hawkes's fair article, the Dispossessed, your choice of Noel McLachlan's utterly unfair letter, containing insults and half truths, leaves a nasty taste in the mouth.

Any white race with a 'colour problem' on the scale of the South Africans would behave badly – to the shame of the white races. At least Australia is one of the few countries trying, if imperfectly, to abolish race discrimination and to assimilate, on terms of equality, her coloured peoples. Mr McLachlan says that there are groups who still try to practice segregation but it is increasingly and without much fuss, disappearing whether you like to admit it or not. This I know from teaching, playing sport with, mixing socially with and working on parents' associations with both white and aborigines in several centres. A touch of praise for an effort being quietly and sincerely made might do more good than a shameful and utterly unfair effort to liken Australians to white South Africans. A reading of the detestation poured on *apartheid* by the whole Australian press might enlighten Mr McLachlan.

Nothing disgusts and angers me as much as race discrimination, in Africa, Britain, Australia or elsewhere; but, in publishing Mr McLachlan's letter, you are being grossly unfair to most Australians and the policies of both government and opposition in the picture you seem to be trying to convey.

R. A. B. DINNING

'Elmstead'
Stockport Road
Lower Bredbury
Cheshire

COLOUR NEWSPAPERS

SIR, – Francis William's comment in his Fleet Street column that the *Liverpool Daily Post* and the *Liverpool Echo* have been carrying out successful experiments with newspaper colour is quite an understatement. When do experiments become routine achievement? Colour – one, two, three and four colours – has been a routine part of the daily production of both papers, in editorial pictures as well as in advertisements, for some years. From Liverpool we are watching

It's time you savoured the deep contentment of
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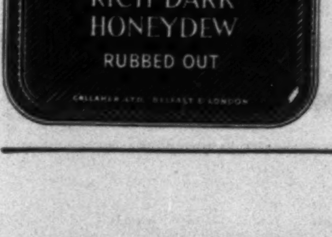
FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT



with sympathy but some amusement the efforts of London-bound papers to offer their own versions of colour.

Fleet Street claims tie oddly in with the literal fact that colour is something in which Fleet Street is years behind the provinces. Four colours in any part of the paper was introduced as routine in the *Liverpool Daily Post* in 1956, and in the evening *Liverpool Echo* a year ago. More than 20 advertisers have used the colour facilities.

The quality of colour, as we understand colour in Liverpool, compared with what has emerged from Fleet Street, Grays Inn Road and Long Acre, may be appreciated by the comments of Fleetway Publications' executives who visited Liverpool three weeks ago for the opening of their *Woman's Journal* House of the Year in the city. One of them said to me, 'I had no idea such brilliant newspaper colour work was being done in the provinces.' Another commented (for publication), 'The accuracy and effectiveness of the colour [used in a *Daily Post* supplement] is most striking.' And I should add that one of the architects who designed the House of the Year told the London visitors how impressed he was by the accuracy of the *Daily Post* colour reproduction. He instanced the unusual shade of green in a carpet in a colour photograph of the interior of the house. The *Daily Post*, on newsprint, had achieved a perfect reproduction of the shade, he declared.

We are also having a quiet laugh in Liverpool at the remark of Francis Williams' that 'you cannot hope to print news pictures in colour'. A writer in *World's Press News* last week appeared to be under the same delusion that news pictures in colour are a wild dream of the future. But, in fact, we are already printing news pictures in colour in Liverpool. Full colour photographs of the Royal Family have appeared many times in the two Liverpool newspapers. Pictures of Grand National jockeys in their racing colours have been used on race days for the past four years. Football team pictures in colour have become commonplace. The *Daily Post* photographed the recent Paris fashion shows in colour, and the pictures, in four colours, appeared on release day in the paper with a colour picture of the woman's page editor. This colour treatment of the Paris shows has been done for three successive years.

There is also the comment of Francis Williams that our printing runs in Liverpool are small. Not so. The *Liverpool Echo*, which has the largest evening circulation outside London, takes in its stride the task of printing over 400,000 copies (every copy of every edition) in four colours – the lot! – in time for tea. It may hurt Fleet Street's vanity, and it may even be news to some papers, but the undeniable truth is that in colour Fleet Street is years behind the provinces as represented by Liverpool.

GEORGE EGLIN

Liverpool Daily Post
Victoria Street, Liverpool

[*Francis Williams writes*: I bow my head. I should not have said experiment. Nevertheless, I still think that what is being planned in Fleet Street (wrongheadedly as I believe) which is *photogravure* for newspapers with a circulation of around 1,500,000 in the case of the *Herald*, which hopes to show us what it can do as a start with Princess Margaret's wedding, and in the case of the *Daily Express* with over four million, is a very different proposition from anything that has been done in Liverpool, remarkable though that is. – Ed. NS.]

THESPIANS UNITE!

SIR, – As proposer of the regulated entry resolution passed at the recent Equity meeting, may I briefly refer to two points in your recent comment? Repertory is indeed fighting for survival and it is hoped that the influx of young talent under this scheme will help in this fight. Now it often takes the more attractive short cut into TV or films. In any case, the repertory theatres are capable of absorbing sufficient numbers for years ahead.

On the question of 'approved" drama schools. This phrase is already used in those clauses of the repertory contract dealing with the entry of drama students into repertory. An extension of its use easily follows.

I agree that the opposition at our meeting was inadequate. I wouldn't envy anyone having to work up a convincing case in the face of the apalling unemployment in the acting profession and the ease with which one can become an Equity member.

HOWARD GOORNEY

Wyndhams Theatre
WC2

DISCIPLES OF LEAVIS

SIR, – Dr Tomkins, in your issue of 16 April, found F. R. Leavis's educational influence 'of questionable value' because some of his less able pupils became 'iron disciples'.

This is a charge readily made if one shares Dr Tomkins's apparent assumption of universal educability. But surely the number of people capable of forming a first-hand judgment of any work of literature is very small? Even those capable of recognising the validity of such a judgment must constitute a minority. Dr Tomkins deplores Leavis's teaching methods because they have produced only 'a few vigorous, independent thinkers'. That they should have produced any at all in these difficult times should be a matter for congratulation. What other teacher of literature has done as much?

In any case, these 'iron disciples', so frequently invoked, are only the vocal few of the hundreds of students who have passed through Leavis's hands—and out, usually, into the schools, where his example of enthusiasm, industry and integrity may be more relevant than his critical conclusions.

We may, certainly, agree that Leavis cannot create ability where none exists. Can any teacher? What he can do is to assume ability to be latent in his pupils in order to bring it into active effect. Dr Tomkins, having it both ways, calls this 'being too subtle for the average undergraduate'. Yet, if Leavis were to lower his standards to some hypothetical level, wouldn't that, far more than his current practice, produce exactly what Dr Tomkins deplores – 'a new kind of vulgarity'?

PHILIP HOBSBAUM

University of Sheffield

THE YELLOW CARNET

SIR, – I have read with interest the ex-prisoner's article about the difficulty of being jobless in the Welfare State and with no stamps on your insurance card.

I, too, have a virgin card for this year, not through being in prison but through writing a book and thereby packing in regular work. With no more books written and the money gone, the same predicament faces me. But it is one with which I am familiar and I do not find the prospect too daunting. You can always say that you're a failed poet or painter, or your aunt in the Cotswolds left you something, or you've been doing a bit as a bookie's runner or you came up on the coupon.

The thing to do is to get out to a big building site – a nuclear power station or something. You find the foreman – 'That's him, standing behind the mixer' – and ask for the start. If he's wanting men, he's not worried about the stamps. If he even asks, in fact, he's the kind who will believe that you've been living on your winnings off the Treble Chance. If you are a really good goer on the pick-and-shovel and can speak with a Mayo accent and get into the pub where the Irish contract ganger picks his men, you might get a start without any cards at all.

But if age or health or immobility debar you from the building sites, the outlook is not so easy. The strange thing is that, with society being ever more smoothly geared to the orientated conformist, the number of nuts around seems to be on the increase.

WELFARE STATE HOBO

FUNDS FOR THE CND

SIR, – If the flowing tide from Aldermaston is to be channelled into effective political action during the next few months, the Campaign must have funds.

May I appeal to all who marched with us in the flesh or in spirit to send as generous a donation as possible?

L. J. COLLINS

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament
2 Carthusian Street, EC1

Campaign for
NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
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Social Centre, College Hill
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Journey from Eden

In this book[*] we have all the poems that Edwin Muir wished to preserve from his earlier volumes, and all the poems and fragments written since the publication in 1956 of his latest volume, *One Foot in Eden*. To read them through, the familiar with the less familiar (for many poems have been restored from early volumes not since republished), the early with the late, is to realise how complete an expression Edwin Muir gave to his unique vision. Here is no early promise cut short, but a full and deep exploration of a handful of themes that inhabited the poet's imagination, first and last. It is a vision that begins in dream and ends in responsibility. The last poem he wrote – which is also one of the finest – opens with the line

> I have been taught by dreams and fantasies.

and ends in a declaration of faith:

> That Plato's is the truest poetry
> And that these shadows
> Are cast by the true.

If we turn back to the earliest poems, we find that the substance was perceived before the wrestle with the shadows of war, history, and human suffering engaged the poet; that a vision of the myth – or, to use his own term, the Fable – preceded the Story as it is bodied forth in this world. In two early and not hitherto republished poems, 'The Ballad of the Soul' and 'The Ballad of the Flood', is an attempt to convey in verse a cosmic vision whose circumstances are described in his *Autobiography*. This vision – that was, not unnaturally, beyond the scope of the psychiatrist to whom he took it – seems to have been Muir's poetic initiation. These first poems – 'The Flood' in Scots, and both in ballad form showing a strong influence of 'The Ancient Mariner' (no wonder, in view of the subject-matter) – are halting and obscure; the archetypal images come so thick and fast that they fail by reason of their too great purity, their insufficiently incarnated quality. Yet few poets can ever have started to write from an inspiration more authentically imaginative. This insight underlies all the later poems; but at every return to its themes the poet has added some new human and historic concreteness. Like Kafka, from whom he learned much, Edwin Muir at last wedded the archetypal to the real as only those poets can do for whom the real is the *signature* of the mystery.

'I do not know the Fable or anyone who knows it', Muir writes, then adds that a few parts of it he has recognised – Eden, and the Fall, and the long exile and journey that the soul travels –

> In the wild disguises of fantastic time,
> Packed in dense cities, wandering countless roads,
> And not a road in the world to lead them home.

The Jewish *diaspora* is the type of the exile and return of the whole fallen race. The slums of Glasgow, the police state, the landscape of war and post-war desolation, are perceived as stations in the soul's journey. What distinguishes Edwin Muir's poetry from those other politically 'engaged' poets of the Thirties, who at the time were so much better known than he, is the distinction between double and single vision. These poets, it may be, felt no less strongly than Muir; and Auden, at all events, described no less vividly; but in Muir alone do we find 'those hard symbolic bones' that Yeats found in Dante and Blake, that give form to events. It has for some time been a critical fashion to discount the imagination, and to make 'sincere' feeling or 'realistic' observation the test of poetry. Feeling is, certainly, a test of authenticity, a guarantee that the poet is not writing merely from the book (though Dante, Shelley or Yeats could write with more passion from the text of Dionysius or Plato than any realist from 'real' life); but the imaginative vision alone uncovers the permanent nature of things, just because it transcends the limitations of the person who feels. Call it the Collective Unconscious, Anima Mundi, Plato's world of Ideas or Blake's of Imagination, for it has (as Edwin Muir says) many names; it is the test of the authentic poet, at all times, that his work should draw its inspiration from this source. Muir was, in this traditional and normal sense of the word, a true poet.

Beside this, the question of how good or how great a poet is, is secondary. Limited Muir was, certainly, to a few themes and symbols of moving power, to which he constantly returned. His radiant yet austere imagery is taken from memories of his Orkney childhood, from the desolation of the Glasgow slums, from post-war central Europe. He developed a beautiful control of blank verse, and his more characteristic three- or four-stressed lines with a strongly marked rhyme pattern. Yet it is neither image (for his imagery is a means, not an end), symbol, nor verse that gives its greatness to some of his best poetry; but a vision of human existence that is, in the words that he himself used to characterise the Scottish genius, 'terrific, sad and simple'. There is an archaic splendour, as of the ballads, in his heraldic images of animals, towers, roads, mountains, an imaginative simplification of those experiences that are most universally and intensely shared. This too is, by his own definition, characteristic of the Scottish genius, that deepens by simplification where the English tends to qualify and particularise. At his best, Edwin Muir achieves a poetic language that is at once intensely personal and powerfully mythological, concrete and symbolic, poignant yet universal. There are poems equal to 'The Brothers' – one of the last he wrote – but none that better realises that synthesis of the story and the fable, an individual talent and an imagination at one with that of a race. The poet describes a vivid dream of his two brothers, long dead, as they had been as boys; yet the image is at the same time simple in its universality, and written within the tradition of a people that still attaches to blood-kinship a kind of formal dignity almost unknown in modern society. The vividness of the supernatural that exceeds in intensity anything in nature is perhaps common to all primitive races, but the image of the two radiant children picks up purely Scottish echoes, from such ballads as 'The Cruel Mother'.

> Last night I watched my brothers play,
> The gentle and the reckless one,
> In a field two yards away.
> For half a century they were gone
> Beyond the other side of care
> To be among the peaceful dead . . . .
>
> For still they raced about the green
> And were like two revolving suns;
> A brightness poured from head to head
> So strong I could not see their eyes
> Or look into their paradise.
> What were they doing, the happy ones?
> Yet where I was they once had been.

The poet then takes us beyond the magic of the supernatural into the metaphysical, in a statement, moving in its simplicity, of the divine incorruptibility of the soul:

> I thought how could I be so dull
> Twenty thousand days ago
> Not to see they were beautiful?
> I asked them, were you really so
> As you are now, that other day?
> And the dream was soon away.

Humanity was for Muir no abstraction: the anonymous peasant on a Czech collective farm retained for him –

> . . . . the face once broken in Eden.
> Beloved, world-without-end lamented face.

But, above all, mankind meant for him his kindred, ancestors and descendants. Nor does his kinship begin or end with man; man's journey runs back through time to those older ancestors the animals, the rocks and the stars; and his cosmic vision includes the gods. The greatest poets – Homer, Dante, Milton, Shelley, Yeats – embrace all the worlds; and at moments Muir soars into those sublime heights that we must call major poetry (a terms of kind, not of degree) for their theme is the cosmos, their standpoint metaphysical.

> About the well of life where we are made
> Spirits of earth and heaven together lie.
> They do not turn their bright heads at our coming,
> So deep their dream of pure commingled being,
> So still the air and the level beam that flows
> Along the ground, shed by the flowers and waters.
> All above and beneath them a deep darkness.
> Their bodies lie in shadow or buried in earth,
> Their heads shine in the light of the underworld.
> Loaded with fear and crowned with every hope
> The born stream past them to the longed-for place.

Inevitably, in pursuing his own vision,

---

[*] *Collected Poems. By* Edwin Muir. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Muir found that he was following a frequented road, the immemorial human life-story; and inevitably, therefore, he found himself led to use those symbols that humanity has invented or discovered as best communicating the mystery. Troy, Prometheus, the loom of Penelope (it is not Yeats's Helen, but the wife of the Wanderer who held his imagination), Eden, the Flood, the Tree, the Annunciation. He has been called a Christian poet, but if he was so, it was by convergence of symbol, not (as, for example, T. S. Eliot) by subscription to doctrine. His wine could never be contained in any orthodox creed; for in revealing the mystery, he leaves it still a mystery:

> What I shall never know
> I must make known.
> Where travellers never went
> Is my domain.
> Dear disembodiment
> Through which is shown
> The shapes that come and go
> And turn again.

It would be a mistake to exaggerate the saintliness or the desolations. He always had, besides, that subtle sparkle of Scots humour that sometimes casts a gleam over his verse. Sutherland in Heaven, in the poem 'There's Nothing Here', is the old Adam as ill at ease in the churchgoers' heaven as Ossian when St Patrick preached to him. Visionary as he was, Edwin Muir wrote at his best of Middle Earth; he finds the radiance of eternity in these fields, even in their desolation.

KATHLEEN RAINE

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LEONARD SCHAPIRO

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REASSESSMENT

Megalopolis Revisited

By CHARLES MADGE

(Charles Madge is Professor of Sociology at Birmingham University)

IN all the literature of protest against monstrous urban growth, Mumford's *Culture of Cities* has probably had the widest influence. It appeared when informed opinion was ready for a great extension of statutory control over urban development. It was a time also of rising intellectual revolt against unplanned capitalism, national militarism and industrial squalor, three evils which Mumford linked with the overgrown city. Yet broad as was his canvas, the focus was in architecture and in town and regional planning, and it was therefore among students and exponents of these arts that his book had its maximum effect, especially during the decade following its publication in 1938.

'As far back as 1915, under the stimulus of Patrick Geddes, I began to collect the materials that have gone into this book.' These, the first words in *The Culture of Cities*, establish a date and a filiation. In 1915, Mumford was a twenty-year-old student in New York, while in Europe the first world war was raging. Geddes's *Cities in Evolution* found a publisher that year, and in it Mumford read that: 'War and its preparations are explained, we may even say necessitated, by the accepted philosophy and the social psychology of our Paleotechnic cities, and especially of the metropolitan ones.' Twenty years later, in his forties, Mumford was to expand on this theme at a time when the second world war was imminent. In the central chapter, 'Rise and Fall of Megalopolis', there is a section titled 'A Brief Outline of Hell' of which the following is a typical passage:

> Behold the present moment in Western Civilisation . . . Plainly, a civilisation that terminates in a cult of barbarism has disintegrated as civilisation; and the war-metropolis . . . is an anti-civilising agent: a *non*-city . . . The chief question now before the Western World today is whether disintegration must be completed before a fresh start is made.

Leaving aside the validity of its rhetoric, such writing evidently reflects the fears and doubts of a period leading from one to another major war. This I think was the key to its success. Since the second world war ended, we have moved into a mood of anxious apathy, at best of cautious inquiry, a mood less in Mumford's favour. There is, however, both in the style and content of his work a continuing trend which deserves a closer appraisal.

The main initiator of this trend was John Ruskin, whom Mumford describes as 'the fundamental economist of the Biotechnic order', while of *The Stones of Venice* (1857) he writes that: 'Social interpretation of architecture and architectural interpretation of societies both have their essential beginnings here'. This seems to me both true of Ruskin and a pointer to Mumford's assessment of his own role as that of the creative interpreter, hermeneutic rather than exegetic. Did not Geddes call for 'a fresh vision, the literal "fresh eye" of art, and that of science also'? And is not architecture a sort of half-way house between the arts and sciences? The architecture of buildings must be enlarged to include the architecture of cities; the planning of gardens and town parks be extended to he planning of natural regions. The architect is to become a universal planner and creator, the antithesis of the Paleotect as represented by the municipal engineer and utilitarian economist.

For those who have not read Mumford or Geddes, it must be explained that the latter devised a distinction between the Paleotechnic phase of industry, based on coalfields and steam engines, clumsy, dirty and crudely materialistic, and an emergent Neotechnic order, 'based on the use of electricity' and 'the lighter metals', and 'its skill directed by life towards life, and for life.' To these Mumford prefixed the Eotechnic, 'the dawn age . . . based upon the use of wind, water and wood' and added a newly emergent Biotechnic phase 'pointing to a civilisation in which the biological sciences will be freely applied to technology, and in which technology itself will be oriented toward the culture of life. The key inventions . . . are the airplane, the phonograph, the motion picture, and modern contraceptives.' Thus may arise 'a new social order, oriented not towards mechanisation and profits, but toward humanisation, welfare, and service.' Moreover: 'If the factory was the nucleus of the Paleotechnic community, the house was to become the nucleus of the Biotechnic age.' Engineering at this point becomes architecture, for 'in a social sense, architecture is more advanced than any purely mechanical technique because good building has always embodied, as an essential element in both design and operation, the understanding and expression of organic human purposes.'

It is just these purposes which, on Mumford's analysis, are lost sight of in the 'insensate industrial town' and above all in Megalopolis. The natural, the rural, the organic, the biological are excluded from such environments and their populations: 'people', as Mumford puts it,

> who do without pure air, who do without sound sleep, who do without a cheerful garden or playing space, who do without the very sight of the sky and the sunlight, who do without free motion, spontaneous play, or a robust sexual life.

Hence the problem for the Biotechnic age, as phrased by Mumford, was 'to create a

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The Culture of Cities. By LEWIS MUMFORD. *Secker & Warburg*. 50s.

new type of living environment: to enable people to live in cities without losing the fellowship of nature.'

The plan of Mumford's book is simple. The first two chapters are historical and deal with the 'medieval' and 'baroque' stages of urban development. Then come the two chapters of polemic against industrial and metropolitan cities. The next two chapters expound the doctrine of regional development, followed by the final chapter: 'Social Basis of the New Urban Order,' with its assurance that 'taken together, modern form, modern architecture, modern communities are prophetic emergents of a biotechnic society . . . What has so far been accomplished is but a taste of the more thoroughgoing order that is to come.' To sum up, the world is to be saved by life-centred architects.

It is within the compass of the architect-regionalist, moreover, to re-draw not only the domestic but (more ambitiously?) the political world, since 'in any scientific sense the concept [of the nation] is worthless.' 'Rationally defined, the locus of human communities is the region' and 'the re-animation and re-building of regions, as deliberate works of collective art, is the grand task of politics for the opening generation.' In 1938, Mumford, an active member of the Regional Planning Association of America, was able to look confidently towards this process of 'regional redefinition', seeing hopeful signs in Soviet Russia and the United States, and anticipating a reaction against 'the National Socialist scheme of compulsive unification in Germany. He may now be thought to have under-estimated the continuing importance of power politics and national frontiers. He may have over-estimated the immediate promise in such developments as the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The regionalist chapters end with a section on Ebenezer Howard and his 'thoroughly original conception' of 'the garden city, or the balanced urban environment.' It is of course in accordance with biotechnic thinking that the country should be brought back into the town and, under careful control, the town into the country. Unlike the regionalist utopia, this garden city utopia has become official in Britain, both in theory and practice, as a result of the Abercrombie Plan for Greater London, the proceedings of the Reith Committee, and the New Towns Act. In detail also, Mumford's prescriptions for planned residential neighbourhoods, with 'the school as community nucleus', were largely embodied in the designs for New Towns. The architects and planners responsible for them were of the generation most directly under the influence of *The Culture of Cities*, while in two war-time essays Mumford specifically addressed himself to British post-war planning and housing problems, and especially the problem of London.

Ruth Glass, a severe critic of garden city ideology, has pointed out:

> For town planning, Geddes's 'sociology', as interpreted by his most prominent and persuasive disciple – Lewis Mumford – remained *the* sociology. To this day, planners in this country have taken little notice of other traditions and developments in the social sciences.

This, though true, is partly because in Britain work in this field, apart from that of Ruth Glass herself, has been scanty. Yet for the sociological student, *The Culture of Cities* is, in my experience, an unsuitable text. For example Mumford took over from Geddes, with minor modifications, a terminology for an urban cycle which runs from Eopolis through Polis, Metropolis, Megalopolis, and Tyrannopolis to Nekropolis, when 'War and famine and disease rack both city and countryside.' As evidence of this cycle, bomb damage and the declining birth-rate are associated as symptoms of the approaching end; the 'urban blight' of Birmingham and Chicago is equated with the ruin of Nineveh and Babylon. Yet it is admitted that the cycle is not inevitable, for 'cities exhibit the phenomena of broken growth, of partial death, of self-regeneration.' A cycle of this kind is a rhetorical trope rather than a hypothesis in urban sociology. It may have value in lending drama to the tedious processes of civic planning, but it may also confuse difficult issues of fact. We may contrast it with the more realistic dictum of Kingsley Davis that 'In many ways the metropolis of three million today is an easier place to live and work in than the city of half a million yesterday.'

In *The Culture of Cities*, Mumford attempted to combine Geddesian sociology, aesthetic history and a utopian political programme. Subjectivity was too often disguised as objectivity, ideology as 'scientific' argument. This is in part the explanation of its great initial impact and subsequent declining influence. But one cannot dismiss lightly a book based on more than 20 years of preparatory study and drafting, and on extensive reading in the French and German as well as British and American literature on the subject. No one has since produced a synoptic work of anything like so wide a scope. In this sense it has not been superseded, and in fact it may neither be necessary or possible to write a book quite on these lines again.

If one turns from Mumford to Geddes, one is aware that the latter, in spite of his eccentricities, has the more commanding vision and that his prophecies, though earlier, are more accurate. And, if one turns to Ruskin, the incomparable beauty of his language makes much of *The Culture of Cities* seem crude and journalistic by comparison. Yet when on top of his form, Mumford is an exhilarating and nervous writer, for example in his tribute to Alfred Stieglitz, the New York photographer, a vivid evocation of the city where he grew up. In this essay, *The Metropolitan Milieu*, he avowedly is making 'a subjective interpretation of the city' to which his attitude remains deeply ambivalent. 'Indeed,' as he says, 'it is out of our love for what the city has given us that we have attempted to stand fast against its slippery ways.'

The City —is it human?

THE ESOTERIC atmosphere surrounding the Square Mile of London E.C. — the idea that the City is run by businessmen, not by people — is a sort of self-protective smokescreen, formed only during the last hundred years or so.

Before the invention of words like "contango" (1853) and "stag" (1845), everybody knew how Business worked, with the traditional exception of small children, lunatics, scholars, rustics, soldiers, women and the landed gentry. Afterwards, the mists closed in, as banking, broking and financing became ever more holy and remote . . . and ever bigger.

But now the trend is changing once more. Big Business has become so big that we are all, consciously, a part of it, while it is increasingly aware of us. It is *our* custom that makes one product overtake another, *our* money that the City is anxious to invest. The very banks ply for hire, advertising in terms most human and appealing. And indeed the City itself is peopled by people whose aims and ambitions are discoverable if you know how to look for them.

This is where 'Mammon' comes in. Each week, in *The Observer*, he takes something important that is happening in British big business and shows what it means . . . Here is a new kind of business reporting, quite unlike the flat statements of the Chairman's Speech or the jargon of the City Column.

Mammon's subjects range far — from steel to hamburgers, from what you always wanted to know to what you may have been only vaguely aware of. Who are the people behind the Soup War? . . . the Toothpaste Derby? Is British Industry going American? Is it going anywhere at all? Mammon in *The Observer* is answering questions like these. Read him next week.

J.B.L.

Entente Cordiale

The Correspondence of André Gide and Edmund Gosse. Edited by L. F. Brugmans. *Owen.* 25*s*.

Gosse and Gide – how is one to explain a friendship so unpredictable? It has less the ease of friendship than the incongruity of a love-affair – what, we ask of either, did he see in him? The encounter of a great contented literary vanity with an expectant literary self-interest explains a little, but not all. On the one hand, we have Gosse at the age of 62, the great power and very conscious of it, the effusive family man, grinding away, with little money and less education behind him, to earn his living; officious, toughened, known for malice, notorious for setting traps, smiled at for his determined and ingenuous pursuit of the fashionable, the great and the famous, and with his social life run as punctually as a duchy. On the other, we have a Frenchman, twenty years younger and then almost unknown, a writer exuding a few polished works at leisure, of independent means, no family man and rarely at home, a-social, homosexual and able to speak little English. Yet, insider and outsider, moralist and immoralist, consort; the public figure who had reproached E. M. Forster and other novelists for introducing into their books *ladies* who have illegitimate children, allies himself with private scandal; and the comedy – one might say the characteristic Gosse trap – is that Gide supposes that his secret would shock Gosse and break the friendship, while Gosse had guessed it years before and was unperturbed. He was far more put out when Gide failed to congratulate him on getting the Légion d'honneur.

The answer to the riddle lies in the 100 letters exchanged between the two men between 1904 and 1928, now edited by Dr L. F. Brugmans. The attraction was rather more powerful on Gosse's side than Gide's; they were drawn by Puritanism, by their common experience of the wretchedness of a Puritan childhood. The author of *Father and Son* recognised the background and the feeling of *La Porte étroite*. Both bore the Calvinist wounds. Both were disaffected. Gosse had sought the fullness of life in literature, Gide in the delight of the senses. The difference was that once Gosse had left home, he left religion behind him for ever. For him, it was intolerable boredom; not a quiver of that sensibility ever returned to his busy nature; whereas Gide retained a feeling for mysticism and was continually refining the edge of conscience on the oil-stone of his prose, cherishing his sins and avaricious of all guilts that came to hand. For Gide, in the conversations at Pontigny or in the warmer meeting of the war, when Gosse was 67, Gosse was a puzzle. An important and useful figure (Gide saw), a splendid Francophile, an exacting pundit, sensitive to neglect, a man who felt (as he did) that European culture depended on continual transmission from one country to another; but why was the dazzling talker so stiff, why did he advance with such delightful eagerness and then, suddenly, hold back? There was the awful incident at the Crillon where British self-respect and French *amour propre* were in ungainly collision. Gide wrote afterwards in his *Journal* (Justin O'Brien's not altogether happy translation):

> As soon as I came in, effusion; our four hands are joined for some time; then I sit down. And he, after a very brief silence, which seemed intended to catch his breath, as if yielding to an irresistible impulse (yet it was a trifle put on): 'Ah dear friend, let us embrace once more'. Seeing an invitation in these words, I rise from my chair and, rushing towards him, apply to both his flabby cheeks two big kisses in the French manner. He jumped a bit, drew back almost imperceptibly with a slight grimace immediately hidden, but from which I recognised that he intended to be master of the situation, and tell me just how far to go and no further, that by taking literally his 'let us embrace' I was forgetting that he spoke French only half well, and that in short, for the English, so chary of demonstrations, a prolonged handshake was better than an embrace.

What was Gosse afraid of? A man of intelligence, not of heart (Gide concluded), afraid, not of others, but of himself. Possibly. But Sir Osbert Sitwell has called this incident an example of the old Gosse 'cat and mouse' game. Or, as one might say, if Calvinism teaches that only the Elect can be saved, its adepts win the technique of being top people with their mothers' milk. I would have thought the moral of the episode was simply that it is no good being a Francophile unless one speaks utterly correct French. Incidentally Dr Brugmans's is unreliable, and the English of his translation is worse.

Gosse has often been presented to us without sympathy for he had the hardness of the timid. It is therefore a surprise to see how well he comes out of this correspondence. He is really very fine. On Gide's side there is more than a touch of self-interest and egoistic deference. He often sounds not wholly candid. Gosse, in his total devotion to literature, has the distinction of picking out an unknown foreign writer, of discerning a future quality, of acting on his judgment with enthusiasm. He is more direct and honest. It is he who tackles Gide on the question of the confession of *Corydon* and *Si le grain ne meurt* – which Gide was keeping from him – and utters no personal condemnation. He believes – as others did – that the books were unwise, but he firmly accorded to Gide the rights of his genius and his conscience and delicately persisted, before Gide's early evasions, in obtaining a straightforward answer. In 1974, Gosse said, society might very well be more enlightened on the subject of sexual aberration and its miseries. He had not behaved with a similar lack of prejudice with Ross after the Wilde trial; sin was less sinful, incurred no social liabilities, in French. The Francophile indeed had the advantage of living in a double moral world – a familiar Puritan experience. The letters of these two pleasant hypocrites are the material for a caricature that Max Beerbohm, for all the fun he had with Gosse, alas, never drew.

V. S. Pritchett

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LONGMANS

Family Forests

English Genealogy. By Anthony Richard Wagner. *Oxford.* 55*s*.

Genealogy is not only a proper subject for status-seekers. It is a necessary part of history, and it provides useful material for sociologists. It has long needed a modern handbook, and Dr Wagner has at last provided it. There are several places in his book where he lapses into a *mystique*, but there are far more places where he accumulates interesting facts and speculations. He has two kinds of reader in mind – the old-fashioned, inquisitive family man who wants to know more about his ancestors, and the new-fashioned, socially-curious mobile man who wants to know more about the way that society is constituted. The first species are interested in family trees, the second in family forests. For both kinds of reader Dr Wagner has much of value to say.

Appropriately he begins with 'the roots'. We go back beyond Rollo and Rurik and Harald Fairhair to the mythical pedigrees which stretched back to divinity itself. This chapter is fascinating not only in itself but because of the range of historical speculation which it opens up to us as we pass from a world of anthropology to a world of history. Bishop Daniel pointed out in the early eighth century how much the English people's sense if their own antiquity and the legitimacy of their 'state' depended on genealogists attributing divine origin to their kings. We are living again in an age when there is an obvious connection between myth and history-making, the difference being that we now have a tribe of professional historians who probe other people's genealogies. In this context other people's genealogies are usually more interesting than our own. As Dr Wagner warns us, our knowledge of medieval English pedigrees is mainly confined to those of the knightly class.

'English and Norman', the title of the next chapter, provokes speculation on the 'Norman yoke' in English history to which Christopher Hill drew historians' attention a few years ago. It is unfortunate that Dr Wagner himself does not use his stock of factual knowledge about Norman pedigrees to comment on this particular genealogical and historical speculation, which has attracted historians, politicians, novelists and playwrights. The latest recruit is Anouilh who has concocted (with the assistance of Thierry) a superb pedigree for Thomas à Becket. The Victorians, who were fascinated by the less radical implications of the 'Norman yoke', were keen students of the private genealogical aspects of this question. Dr Wagner, who is well aware as Richmond Herald of the richer absurdities of retrospective status-seeking, quietly reminds us that rare as is a proved male descent from a thirteenth-century knight with a Norman name, a male descent from an actual proved Norman invader is rarer still.

The solid middle of his book consists of chapters on the social framework, the rise and fall of families and migration. They cover much ground that is familiar to historians and sociologists, who will often want to make glosses and sometimes even to express disagreements. Unfortunately, however, as the author justly complains, no historian or sociologist has attempted to produce a general synthesis of the framework, structure and movement of English society. It could be added that there is still no adequate study of the terms which have been and might be used as necessary conceptual scaffolding. As a result of this deficiency, Dr Wagner has had to construct frameworks of his own. The proportions do not always look right. Some of his paragraphs – on education, for example – need to be converted into sections. The formation of the industrial working class gets very little attention. Some detailed modern studies on social mobility would have been directly relevant to what he has to say. But he retains his capacity both to stimulate and to inform. The advent of the Labour Government in 1945 coincided with a peak in the number of grants of arms sought and made.

The last hundred pages of this book are severely practical. In them Dr Wagner critically considers the source material used by genealogists and the history, literature and method of their discipline. He ends with a plea for closer co-operation between genealogists, archivists and historians. The sociologists are necessary too. The different specialists can help each other most when they concentrate their attention on the fields – or the forests – where their interests meet.

ASA BRIGGS

Number One Composer

Dmitry Shostakovich. By D. RABINOVICH. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 18s.

In 1945 I met Shostakovitch at a friend's house in Moscow; he had just returned from a trip to Siberia and was in one of his gay, boyish moods. He told funny stories, of which I particularly remember this one:

> In one small Siberian town the head of the town council was called Bobkin. All the backyards in the town were cluttered up with heaps of rubbish; so Bobkin gave the strict order that, by a certain day, all this rubbish be carted away. And the order ended with the words: 'Onward, under the banner of Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Bobkin!' But that night he got into a panic. 'What's the matter, comrade Bobkin?' he was asked. 'I've done a dreadful thing,' he said, 'I sent a copy of the order to Moscow, and – *we left out Engels*!'

This story struck me as being, somehow, highly significant. Shostakovich, born in 1906, is a thoroughbred Soviet citizen – yet one with a nice streak of nonconformism. He is, I am sure, a sincere Communist; when he gets torn to shreds, as he was in 1936, over his *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, or denounced as an 'anti-people formalist', as he was in the famous 'Zhdanov' decree of February 1948, he beats his chest, eats humble pie but then, after a while, he follows his own artistic urge, does precisely as he likes and – gets away with it. Since 1948, he has made a few minor concessions to Socialist Realism (such as his *Song of the Forests*); but most of his other works are very far from the rules laid down by the '48 Decree, whether his last three string quartets, his last two symphonies or his *24 Preludes and Fugues*. For all that, he ranks in Russia today as Number One Soviet Composer. He is one of those rare cases when an artist is so big that the Party is prepared (within limits) to have him on *his* terms, and not on its own narrow ones. The other most striking example of this is Sholokhov.

As Soviet citizens go, Shostakovich is an astoundingly complex person: he is, all at once, a pompous Member of the Supreme Soviet; a passionate football fan; a 54-year-old youngster full of fun and nonsense, with a wonderful gift for parody and satire (his earlier music is full of it). But, as an artist, he can be morbidly sensitive, almost to the point of hysteria – hence the physical shrieks of agony in his Eighth Symphony, written during the war; the nightmare of the Nazi invasion in the Leningrad Symphony; or the bloodcurdling 'Jewish' *danse macabre* in his Piano Trio, written under the impression of Majdanek, the Nazi extermination camp in Poland.

He is a child of his age. In his Goyaesque music written during the war he rendered its horrors more passionately than anybody else in Russia; similarly, in his earlier works he reflected, better perhaps than anyone, the excitement, the *Sturm und Drang*, of the early years of the revolution, with all its experimentalism and its cocking of snooks at the old world. The book contains an excellent photograph of 1929 showing Mayakovsky, Meyerhold and young Shostakovich himself discussing the composer's incidental music to Mayakovsky's play, *The Bedbug*. What an epoch!

Young Shostakovich was under a few permanent influences, most important among them Beethoven and Mahler; but he also took an immense interest in Schoenberg, Webern, Berg and Kurt Weill, and gloried in wildness and 'cosmopolitanism': his *24 Preludes* are an extravaganza of exuberant cacophony, parody and satire; and it is funny to see him now solemnly presiding over a Tchaikovsky memorial meeting! But I rather suspect that if he recently sharply attacked twelve-tone music and young Polish composers going in for it, it was chiefly to show that *he* couldn't be considered 'extremist' any longer and would the Socialist Realists therefore please shut up!

But has Shostakovich's music come to stay, as Prokofiev's undoubtedly has? I remember Prokofiev saying to me in '46:

> Dmitry is a brilliant chap, but he's untidy. He doesn't *compress* and is longwinded; he has originality, but he is *not* a great melodist. And often he repeats the same tricks over and over again.

Prokofiev, who had a justifiably supreme opinion of himself, was hard on others; perhaps too hard in this case. No doubt, Shostakovich has not written melodies as good as Prokofiev's best (for instance all those glorious themes of his Third Piano Concerto); but is not Shostakovich often a deeper, though less masterly composer than Prokofiev? Or perhaps not? Rather a Corneille-Racine quarrel.

Mr Rabinovich, one of the composer's closest friends, has written an excellent little biography packed with facts. Although he tries, throughout, to justify the party line (even the '48 Decree, since revoked), he clearly loves what is most unorthodox and

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

nonconformist in his hero's music. The book would have been even more valuable if it included some musical illustrations, particularly of those numerous works (such as his recent chamber music) which are still scarcely known in the West.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Public System and Private Conviction

Studies in the History of Education, 1780-1870. By BRIAN SIMON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

Comprehensive School. By H. R. CHETWYND. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

A *system* of education is never established by a few individuals, however gifted or influential. It is an attempt, more or less coherent, more or less successful, to organise the intentions of a society. And its structure and character, its assumptions and purposes are bound to be affected, intimately and directly, by social forces and stresses and by the currents of contemporary opinion. It is a curious omission, therefore, in the many histories of education, that hardly one tries in a sustained way to put the development of our own system into its social setting. This sensible project is what Mr Simon has undertaken in his book. The period he concerns himself with, 1780-1870, is one in which the moulds of society were shifting and reforming, and one in which men's interests were primarily and insistently social and political, so that a study of educational development which puts its emphasis on these should be useful and welcome. Mr Simon maintains that he stops at 1870 because our present educational system is in essentials the one that was established then. But I should have thought that the period he has chosen hangs together logically and historically. There was no need for him to have scurfed in this dubious, external argument from identity to justify doing what he wanted to do. It has to be said, however, that it is something of a habit with him to make these personal and unnecessary intrusions upon the matter he is considering.

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DENT AND PHOENIX

He deals first with the educational notions of some of those enlightened and scientific industrialists, men like Galton, Priestley, Wedgwood, Boulton, who were active in intellectual life towards the end of the eighteenth century (a state of affairs it would be hard to imagine now) and who had so much to do with the founding of the great provincial Lit. and Phil. Societies. They were a new and powerful force in the country; they were immensely interested in educational questions and remarkably liberal in the views they held. They were one element in a developing and modernising middle class which was bringing a new, contemporary set of ideas into the stuffy English atmosphere. Another element, the radical, reforming element of the middle class, was represented by Bentham, James Mill, Place and Wakefield, who wanted nothing less than the organisation of a complete system of primary and secondary schools, at any rate in London. Their policies were advocated in Parliament by Brougham, and when they were defeated there, they put their energies into beginning the Mechanics' Institutes.

All this is interesting and informative, although it is often conveyed in a queerly collapsed English. It is, however, when he comes to treat of the educational activities of the newly conscious working class that Mr Simon's interests are truly engaged. This part of his book is much the most valuable, original and picturesque. He presents from first-hand and varied sources evidence of the passion with which the Chartists and the trade-union leaders looked to education as a means of liberation, and evidence too of the liberality and farsightedness with which they looked upon it as 'a higher form of being'. They wholly rejected the idea that the working class should be given simply practical education, and just that amount of it which was proportioned to their station and their duties. For William Lovett education meant 'education in the great principles of human nature, social morality and political justice'. It wasn't 'a boon to be sparingly conferred upon the multitude', but 'a universal instrument for advancing the dignity of man and for gladdening his existence'. These early working-class leaders, it is clear, were much more than politically impassioned reformers. They were in a real sense deeply civilised and humane men continuing a tradition older than the nineteenth century and contributing, both to British trade unionism and to our educational system, a fund of moral strength and practical sagacity.

Mr Simon has written a serious and useful book. But it would be a more attractive and a more valid one if he had bridled a bit more his inclination to let his material be bullied by his private convictions. The neat categories of Hegelian logic are neither as universal nor as inevitable as he assumes – for example, in his claim that the aim of universal enlightenment proposed by the philosophic radicals 'necessarily turned into its opposite' once the interests of the middle class had been secured. 'Necessarily' is nice. As things are there is a curious asymmetry in Mr Simon's narrative stride. One leg goes with a fine, free swing, the other with a dialectical limp.

Mrs Chetwynd's book is an interesting domestic account of the daily life and organisation of that piece of the public system which operates at Woodberry Down Comprehensive School. It is clear that it operates very successfully. And a good measure of its success must be attributed not simply to the idea of the school, not simply to the very good staff and the lavish equipment, but to Mrs Chetwynd's private convictions, which are womanly, practical and very much to the point in the work she is doing.

WILLIAM WALSH

Brass Tactics

The Marauders. By CHARLTON OGBURN. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16*s.*

Freely I Served. By STANISLAW SOSABOWSKI. *Kimber.* 25*s.*

Birds and Fishes. By PHILIP JOUBERT DE LA FERTÉ. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

In early February 1944 an American Long-Range Penetration Brigade, later dubbed the Marauders, entered North Burma along the Ledo Road. Between then and its 'deactivation' in August, this slapdash company trudged and slithered 700 jungle and mountain miles, fought five major and 17 minor actions, won the Distinguished Unit Citation and underwent an Inspector-General's investigation of 'an almost complete breakdown of morale'. In its brilliant last fling exhausted troops did a 23-day mountain march to capture the vital Myitkyina airstrip, only to remain there unrelieved, unreinforced and uncounselled. At one stage convalescent Marauders were ordered from rest-camp back into the lines. But, fiasco notwithstanding, the brigade helped to disturb the Japanese from an area of Burma the size of Connecticut.

Mr Ogburn went the whole course as a platoon commander. He gives a vivid account of an ill-assorted, ever-dwindling force of volunteers coping not only with ambush and snap bombardment but also with claustrophobia, mite typhus, leeches, dengue, refractory mules, crashing rains and amoebic dysentery. Mr Ogburn, a philosophising, modest Crusoe, makes a good case for his brigade; too much was expected of them too often. Such things are commoner in war than he thinks. But almost every page shows men's tenacity turning muddle and prostration to spiritual advantage.

After the unenthusiastic but resigned amateur, the professional who's brave to a fault. General Sosabowski commanded the Children of Warsaw Brigade against the Germans in 1939, subsequently joined the Polish Underground, went on a secret mission to

Hungary and then took over the Polish remnants in France. Later he founded and trained in Scotland the Polish Independent Parachute Brigade which went, not for the relief of Warsaw – as originally intended – but into the Arnhem carnage. He tells his saddening, bustling story with all the exasperated righteousness of the exiled patriot. If in his irascible humility he seems to have been too ready to take umbrage, then so was the single-minded, optimistic General Browning who secured his eventual dismissal. What General Sosabowski says about Arnhem is sensible if unoriginal; but he said it before the event. Loyal to a dying cause and serving several masters, he seems to have encountered insular unimaginativeness at its worst.

Sir Philip Joubert's effervescent, compact and colourful account of Coastal Command from 1908 onwards includes an invaluable section about the apathy and muddle of the inter-war years, when both Air Ministry and Admiralty ignored the lessons learned by the Royal Naval Air Service in the 1914-18 war. Night flights were not even considered; air-to-surface-vessel radar 'was almost ignored' and the feasibility of air attack on submarines stayed a myth. Air Marshal Bowhill, taking over in October 1937, had to improvise, scrounge and constantly persuade. For Coastal's eventual efficiency much credit is due to him and the boffins of the Operational Research Section whose leader, Professor Blackett, was the man who got all anti-submarine aircraft painted white: against cloud and sea, ordinary camouflage merely exposed. But commonsense was late in prevailing, and Sir Philip doesn't hide the fact. The photographs are fascinating and so are the long quotations from fliers' diaries.

PAUL WEST

Odonata

Dragonflies. By P. S. CORBET, CYNTHIA LONGFIELD and N. W. MOORE. *Collins.* 42*s*.

On the stems of plants in well oxygenated waters, and in murky, stagnant pools and ditches, there reside hideous, masked creatures, growing slowly on a diet of their small swimming and crawling neighbours. They spend long periods almost without movement; but when a promising victim comes near the mask is instantly extended and the prey seized. If they move against their varied background of mud, gravel, plants or detritus, their mottled colours and patterns alter, so that they remain nearly invisible: not ready prey for larger predators such as fish.

So the creatures grow, sometimes for three years or more. During winter they may become inactive; some can survive a frozen sojourn in ice. Eventually, one summer, now fully grown, they crawl 'quickly and purposefully' from the water. After this emergence, there is a pause – in a typical species, of about forty-five minutes; during this time respiration ceases to be through 'gills': instead, the system of tracheal tubes, a major insect 'adaptation' for terrestrial life, becomes operational. This immobile yet exposed phase is the one in which there is the greatest danger from insectivorous enemies.

Now a transformation occurs. The insect's outer covering, or exoskeleton, splits open; a different creature, with a new covering of its own, emerges, at first bedraggled, and suspended with its abdomen still in the larval skin. After a rest, there is a further swift change: the abdomen is withdrawn from the obsolete skin or exuvium, and blood flows, under pressure, first into the wings, then into the abdomen, so that they expand to their full size. A dragonfly (or a damselfly, or a demoiselle – these are vernacular names for divisions of the Odonata) has achieved reproductive status: after perhaps another fourteen days for further maturation, it can devote the remaining week or two of its life to ensuring the continuance of its species.

During this (to men) glorious phase of its existence, it retains its predatory ways, since it feeds on aerial 'plankton' – smaller insects. It also justifies the statement that members of its order are, of all insects, the best suited to the sort of study usually given only to birds. Perhaps this New Naturalist volume, which wholly maintains the standard of its predecessors, will provoke the foundation of a British Trust for Odonatology. Certainly, it will encourage many dilettantes to study more closely the behaviour, ecology and appearance of dragonflies. They will learn from it (if they did not already know) the significance of the disappearance of the adults of certain species under water (and their subsequent re-emergence) and of the habit of the females of certain other species of skimming the surface of pools or streams with their hind ends submerged. They will find that dragonflies, like many vertebrates, defend a territory; and that male dragonflies, when deprived of female companionship, like men, resort to homosexual behaviour. If they care to study one of the appendices, they will learn how to identify the larvae of the forty-odd British species. (The adults are fully described, with coloured or monochrome plates, in the main text.) At the same time zoologists will learn much about an insect order with which most of them have only a superficial

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acquaintance. Personally, I deeply regret the extinct species of which the larvae were probably about twelve inches long, with a wing span of two feet in the adult.

For further information about 'these fascinating animals, consult this book.

ANTHONY BARNETT

New Novels

Lasso Round the Moon. BY AGNAR MYKLE. Trans. MAURICE MICHAEL. *Barrie & Rockliff*. 18*s*.

Mamizelle Bon Voyage. BY GIL BUHET. Trans. PETER WILES. *Cape*. 18*s*.

Lasso round the Moon is the first part of a Norwegian trilogy that has sold half a million copies in Scandinavia. Its theme is the development of a young man, a provincial of humble birth, in the nineteen-thirties: It is an ambitious work, and until one has read the subsequent volumes one cannot say whether the emphases are just in this part, which, though attempting completeness, is oddly shapeless. Much has been left out which may be dealt with more fully later; a class theme, for example, is hinted at, but not explored. *Lasso round the Moon* is essentially the story of Ash Burlefoot's first two love affairs in the small town to which he goes, at the age of twenty, as headmaster of a business school. First there is Gunnrild, a ripe whore; then Siv, tiny, forty and twice married. Both women become pregnant, and Ash flees back to his home town. Then, abruptly, twelve years pass. Ash, now a famous composer, returns home from Oslo for the funeral of his brother, whom he has neglected. It is with this return that the novel begins; the story is told in flashback. This attempt to give shape to the novel is forced and even cheap: death solves too many things in fiction.

Yet this simple story has depth. It is rooted in a society, rooted in a country. We are always aware of the austere Norwegian landscape; and behind Ash we can always feel his mother, nauseatingly affectionate, and his father, 'the viking who drove a tram', a failed musician, dry, puritanical, devoted to the weather forecasts on the radio, anxious only for his family to ride free on the trams. Mykle's characters are all clearly drawn, and never superficial. And his descriptions are Gogol-like in their living detail. People and country stay in the memory. Mykle is long-winded; he has certain rhetorical mannerisms; and his technique is clumsy. But if *Lasso round the Moon* is unprofessional, equally it has little that is manufactured. The sensibility is true, the passion genuine.

The book is likely to attract attention because of its frank sexual detail. But this detail is a necessary part of Mykle's theme, which is of development and discovery; it is of a piece with the intensity and honesty of the rest of the book. My criticism is that the two love affairs, coming one after the other, unbalance the book. My fear is that the second and third parts of the trilogy may be nothing more than chronicles of further affairs.

Far better, at any rate, for sex to be treated as it is by Mykle than as it is by Gil Buhet in *Mamizelle Bon Voyage*. 'Paris for the incontinent', a London wit scrawled on a 'Harwich for the Continent' poster. And here is the coy, 'French' treatment of sex, obscene, sexless and irritating. This is a most cynically commercial novel. It recounts the adventures of a French nurse during the Occupation. She is a collaborator, but with a heart of pure gold. In the course of a few weeks she is seduced by a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Canadian, a German, and is raped by three Mongols in the German army. Eyes are gouged out; ears are sliced off; ingenious tortures are described; bodies putrefy. But it is all determinedly gay. '*Se va* shoot him *pronto*', the Spaniard calls out, in his Spanish way.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Religious Round-Up

Which is the highest virtue? Courage or kindness, say the romantics. Josef Pieper, the noted German Thomist, unexpectedly says prudence, following Aquinas, in *Prudence, the First Cardinal Virtue* (Faber, 12s 6d). Natural man craves the unusual and heroic; the instructed Christian is content to act in tune with truth. But what is truth? Unless with Aquinas we hold the key of authority, there is much to be said for the experimental virtues. A more troubled Catholic is the veteran François Mauriac, in *The Son of Man* (Burns & Oates, 12s 6d). Reflecting on the life of Christ, he laments his own lost innocence, and the anti-semitism, police tortures, racial intolerance and exploitation, rife in a nominally Christian civilisation. 'Christ is also a man. Why has this fact had so few consequences?' Through Christ, he hopes, anguish may be turned into mutual charity. Charity is the highest love, says C. S. Lewis in *The Four Loves* (Bles, 12s 6d). Affection may cloy or become a tyrant; so may eros, or sexual love. Friendship is selective (Dr Lewis denies that it is necessarily homosexual). Dr Lewis is a helpful moralist, rather than a Freudian. More searching is W. A. Whitehouse, in *Order, Goodness, Glory* (Oxford, 9s 6d), who candidly faces the problem of theology in a world whose thought is ruled by science, and seeks no easy way out. He finds no sacred order or guiding goodness in the cosmos; yet human freedom seems to be nourished by grace, and there are 'hints of glory' to which man may respond. Is 'man's alarming freedom' the field of theology, rather than a rivalry with science in explanation of the natural world?

H. L. S.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,574 **Set by Set-square**

Competitors are invited to compose the words of a School Song for a girls' school, taking a realistic view of what lies in store for the pupils when they leave school. Limit 16 lines. Entries by 3 May.

Result of No. 1,571 **Set by William Salter**

'*Jean, étonne-moi*!' Diaghilev used to order the young Cocteau. Competitors are invited to astonish me, in not more than 120 words.

Report

'Your competitions have begun to bore me, and I have cancelled my subscription. Allan M. Laing.' Hardly had William Salter – his astonishment swallowed up in dismay – noted the provenance of this bombshell ('Submitted in the cause of astonishment by Philip Natal') than a genuine piece of high explosive came in from a genuine Allan M. Laing:

In the course of the last thirty years I have

> considered literally thousands of problems posed by competition setters, with feelings of pleasure, puzzlement, delight, disgust, enthusiasm, amusement, incomprehension, doubt, annoyance, dismay or satisfaction; but none of these feelings is adequate to express the impact of this one . . .

The sentiments were widely shared:

Must I cut a caper
On paper,
Or twist these lines in a zig-zaggy clef
To make you feel like Diaghilev? (P.M.)

and only H. A. C. Evans, who sent an ingenious acrostic on William Salter, had a kind word to say for him. Astonishments included a succubus, Hitler popping up in Mexico, a pen-portrait of the setter –

> I see him as an elderly young man (but not angry) with a neat little beard, darkish red, and one green eye and one blue, like Bertrand du Guesclin. For recreation he likes exploring village churches and he is accounted a champion at tiddlywinks. (Alberick)

– a work on Peter Cheyney by Dr Leavis and the old mathematical puzzle to prove that two equals one (but Salter remembers how to divide by nought).

Prize-money divided between Stanley J. Sharpless, Peter Veale, J. H. Peden, Nancy Gunter – and Philip Natal for the shock already administered at the head of the report.

No mere avowal of eccentric view
Is calculated to astonish you,
No dazzling *tour de force* of brain or brawn
Would provoke other than a stifled yawn,
To hint unmentionable goings-on
Could hardly cause the wish-for
'Je m' étonne!'
One thing alone might make you blink your eyes:
If I said I think this is worth a prize.

Stanley J. Sharpless

It so befell, as I went round the mullgum-berry bush for the tenth time, I beheld the back of a capering eijut with uncut hair, unwashed, uncombed and undoubtedly disreputable. So, curious to inspect the frontispiece of one so closely resembling myself from the rear, I danced two forward and one back in unison and by the twentieth time round managed to get ahead, no mean feat, whereupon leaping round fornent myself and confronting me, spoke these words. 'How dare you prance about like a buck eijut, bringing disgrace and mockery on one that does your thinking for ye'. Ach said myself, go and talk to that boyo who wants astonishing and shake him with your cupidity.

J. H. Peden

Sir, Every Saturday, at my seaside bungalow, a literary circle composed largely of retired businessmen and their ladies meets to enact passages from James Joyce's *Ulysses*. My own impersonation of Bloom at the keyhole, during Blazes Boylan's visit to Mrs Bloom, is a modest success.

It occurs to me that the New Statesman might be interested in a series of articles fully describing our activities, with photographs if desired. A vulgar acquaintance suggests that I might sell the articles to the sensational Sunday press. Such a transaction would not be to my taste.

Yours faithfully,
Peter Veale

My dear Mr Salter, How thrilling it was to read in this morning's papers that you have been appointed Editor-in-Chief of that wonderful publication *Teenage Terry's Weekly*! This is promotion indeed but I feel convinced that although you may find its hieroglyphic style of narration a trifle cramping at first, you will be more than equal to the arduous duties of your new post, and I shall look forward with keen interest to competitions on such erudite subjects as 'My Pet Pop-Singer – And Why' set by you in that bright little journal. Please accept the hearty congratulations of, Yours sincerely

Nancy Gunter

City Lights

Sluggish in the Spring

The City was not inclined to rush back from Easter to work. Before the holiday, it is true, it had learned that the March trade figures, about which so much anticipatory gloom had been created, were not so bad; sterling is firm, industry is booming, and dividend news is excellent. But the newspapers have supported the government almost too well in invoking a mood of uneasy uncertainty. The April bank advances have yet to be published and the threat of a new credit squeeze stands. The acrimonious debate on the Finance Bill begins very soon. A rush of new issues is expected before long. The City is feeling slightly sour.

* * *

Such a mood, and a long weekend to break the flow, fragments the news. Bids first, and some big ones. A take-over of Raleigh by Tube Investments has been generally rumoured (and discounted in rising share prices) for some time past, despite the TI chairman's disclaimer last December. The British bicycle industry has been doing badly; three-quarters of its output now has to be exported, and bicycle exports are among the first to be hit by local production in underdeveloped countries. Raleigh and TI are already working together in some markets, and the idea of closer co-operation seemed too obvious for the market to be able to disbelieve in it. The £11m cash-and-shares bid which TI is now making will give it 80 per cent of British bicycle production and the whole of moped production, with ample scope for all the rationalisation it wants. One admires, even more than before, the timing of TI's recent rights issue. *'I am a firm believer'*, the chairman said not so long ago, *'in raising money when we can get it and keeping it, because we shall always need it sooner or later, and it is a very good thing to have. Money is power; if you have money you can do anything you want to'*.

The Reyrolle-Parsons merger, on the other hand, has not come off in an interesting way. The trouble is officially said to have been somehow due to the 40 per cent Reyrolle holding in Parsons; rumour suggests that it was more specifically due to Reyrolle's unwillingness to give Parsons the terms it was after. The surprise, in any case, is that Lord Chandos's Associated Electrical is now to acquire half Reyrolle's holding in Parsons in exchange for its own shares, and that these three heavy electrical firms, though continuing to compete as separate units, will now collaborate on research and so forth. Reyrolle shareholders have some reason to grumble at the swap of one investment for another perhaps less attractive. Parsons holders may object to the sudden appearance of a new landlord – though the directors are said to have been worried at their own thought of a possible American bid for the Reyrolle interest. AEI holders can be content; their company, apart from any benefit it may get from the pooling of technical knowledge, has paid very little to stake its claim on the main heavy electrical group outside the big three.

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This economical technique is similar to that used by Whitbread; while other breweries are taking each other over, Whitbread offers protection – it will buy just sufficient shares in a small brewery to frighten off a bidder in exchange for an agreement to sell Whitbread's beers. Its latest reciprocal trading agreement is with a big brewer, Charringtons, and carries no financial strings, but it is another reminder that the brewing industry, spurred on recently by Mr Clore and Mr Taylor, is being rationalised more quickly than any other.

* * *

What else? The Purnell bid for Waterlow, a bid by a reasonably prosperous printing firm for another in a poor way, has got to the really tough stage, Purnell making a generous bid for the vote-carrying Preference and Waterlow offering them better rates if they give up their votes: the odds at the moment are on Purnell. Vickers, which not so long ago was in the headlines for its large sales of Viscounts to Capital Airlines, one of the largest American domestic lines, is now in the headlines again for its decision to sue Capital for payment and foreclose on its mortgage: a less violent settlement is still likely, but the position is complicated by the battle which rages between the US airlines and the price-fixing Civil Aeronautics Board and by Capital's demand for a subsidy. What else? The £400m thought to have been spent on advertising last year? The ups-and-downs in US money rates? The politics of the meaningless ½d cut in the price of petrol? The fact that the Czechs, who depressed the market price of their bonds by defaulting on them, are now offering to buy them back at the depressed price and that the City is apparently acquiescing? Or perhaps the unit trusts. The value of unit trust funds, which rose by 50 per cent in 1958 and doubled to £200m in 1959, went up by £7m in January (when there were several block offers) and £1m in February, but fell by £2m in March. The value of these funds depends on the market not only because it moves with prices but because unit trust managers find it much more congenial to sell large blocks of units through heavy advertising when the market is going steadily upwards. This reliance on block offers encourages people to buy at the worst possible moment; the remedy might be to allow managers to levy a smaller proportion of their maximum permitted charge on the initial sale of units.

Company News

Dunlop increased its sales still further in the second half of last year and there was a further slight rise in profit margins. Profits rose by 14 per cent over the year as a whole and equity earnings by nearly twice as much; the dividend is raised from 13 to 15 per cent.

Bowater has reported results just about as good as the market hoped for, a 10½ per cent increase in profit on the year (it was 17½ per cent up in the second half), a dividend up from 12½ to 15 per cent, and a one-for-five scrip issue. The North American newsprint outlook is good, and Bowater's gearing should come into its own: the optimists are already beginning to hope for the same dividend again on the increased capital.

British Insulated Callander's Cables has reported a modest increase in both sales and profits. Although these results take in two new acquisitions and although the second half of the year was worse than the first, they are remarkably good in view of the price-cutting war in the industry.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 545. Simple Ending

Alas, there is no such thing for it is one thing to know the principle of how to deal with a particular ending, and it's quite another to see it through. Take this position (Euwe-Yanofsky, Groningen 1946). /8/P5p1/4k3/2B4p/4b3/6P1/1P3K1P/8/. The obvious principle is for the defending King to achieve the draw by blocking the passed pawns. Thus, after (1) K-K3 the proper sequel would have been . . . K-B4; (2) B-B8, P-Kt3; (3) K-Q4, B-Kt7; (4) K-B5, K-K3; (5) K-Kt6, K-Q2; (6) K-B5, K-B1; (7) K-Q6, K-Kt2. and White could have made no headway. As it happened, Yanofsky, usually so good at endgames, blundered by . . . . B-Kt7, and now see how quickly Euwe grasped his chance and, ten moves later, by a shrewd P-sacrifice succeeded in keeping the Black K off his key-square K3.

(2) K-B4, P-Kt3; (3) P-KKt4, PxP; (4) KxP, B-R8; (5) K-Kt5, K-B2 [. . . B-K5 would have been refuted by (6) P-Kt4, K-Q2; (7) P-R4, K-B1; (8) P=Q ch, BxQ; (9) KxP etc]; (6) B-Q4, B-Kt7; (7) P-R4, B-R8; (8) P-Kt4, B-Kt7; (9) P-Kt5, B-R8; (10) B-B6, B-Kt7; (11) P-R5!, PxP; (12) K-B5!, B-R8; (13) B-R4, B-Kt7; (14) K-K5, K-K1; (15) K-Q6 and wins.

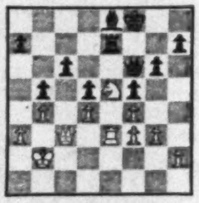
I gleaned this from *A Guide to Chess Endings* by Max Euwe and David Hooper (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 30s.); a book useful even for fairly advanced players; there's a chapter on P-endings, one on minor piece endings, a necessarily fairly copious one on R-endings, and one on Q-endings. With such an abundance of material to choose from I might as well pick an instructive position achieved by Euwe's co-author (Hooper-Newman, Hastings 1953): /16/1pr3k1/7R/3K2P1/1P6/16/. A good example of how to exploit a plus-P in a R&P ending by getting one's K well posted and choosing the right moment for the P-swop.

(1) R-QKt5, K-Kt2; (2) P-Kt5, R-Kt3; (3) P-Kt4, K-B2; (4) R-K5, R-Q3 ch; (5) K-B4, R-Kt3; (6) K-Kt5, K-B1; (7) K-R6, K-B2; (8) P-Kt5; K-B1; (9) R-B5 ch, K-K2; (10) R-B6, RxP; (11) RxP, K-Q2; (12) R-B6, etc.

And finally (Flohr-Szabo, Budapest 1950) a good example of how to exploit the advantage of the enemy K being cut off in a R-ending. /8/3R4/1p6/r3k3/8/P7/1PK5/8/.

(1) . . . K-K3; (2) R-Q2, R-R4; (3) K-Kt3, R-R5; (4) R-Q8, K-K2; (5) R-Q5, R-KKt5; (6) K-B3, R-KR5; (7) P-Kt3, R-KKt5; (8) R-Q4, R-Kt6 ch; (9) K-B4, R-Kt4; (10) R-Q5, R-Kt5 ch [If . . . R-Kt6; (11) P-R4, R-R6; (12) P-Kt4, R-KKt6; (13) K-Kt5, R-Kt5; (14) P-R5, PxP; (15) KxP, etc]; (11) K-Kt5, R-Kt6; (12) P-Kt4, R-Kt3; (13) K-R6, R-R3; (14) P-Kt5, and Black resigned on account of (15) P-R4, followed by (16) K-R7, (17) P-R5, etc.

A: Max Euwe 1956



The 4-pointer for beginners is one of some equally neat variations in a game position. How can White force the win in three moves? **B** (a 'classic') and **C** are both wins for White, both quite instructive and none too difficult for 6 & 7 ladder-points respectively. Usual prizes. Entries by 2 May.

B: H. G. M. Weenink, 1918: /3kt4/p7/k1P5/P7/K7/24/.

C: G. Grzeban, 1957: /6kkt/1p3qp1/5p2/6Pp/5K1P/8/R1R5/3B4/.

Report on No. 542 Set 2 April

A: . . . Kt-Kt6 ch; (37) K-K1, B-Kt5 ch; (38) K-Q1, B-Kt6 ch; (39) K-B1, Kt-K7 ch; (40) K-Kt1, Kt-B6 ch; (41) K-B1, R-B7 mate.

B: (1) B-R4 ch, KxB; (2) P-Kt3 ch, K-Kt4; (3) P-B4 ch, K-B3; (4) P-Q5 ch, K-Q2; (5) P-K6 ch, KxB; (6) P-B5, and Black can't break the deadlock.

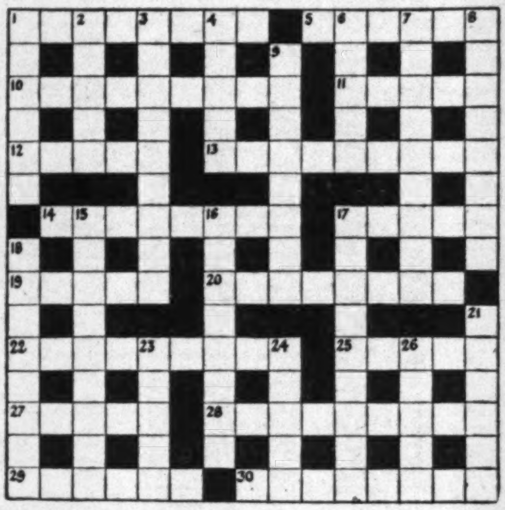
C: (1) P-R7, R-Kt4 ch; (2) KxR, Kt-K3 ch; (3) K-R6!, O-O; (4) Kt-K7 ch, K-R1; (5) Kt-Kt6 ch (either) PxKt; (6) P=Q, RxQ stalemate.

An easy lot and many flawless solutions. Prizes: J. W. Atkinson, L. G. Buxton, J. Mitchell, C. Sansom, D. H. R. Stallybrass, R. T. Waterfield.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 402

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 402, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 3 May.



ACROSS

1. Protection for soldiers when there is plunder among the Irish (8).
5. School used to break up on the farm? (6).
10. Tin animal appearing as a Dickens character (9).
11. Be loathsome, but the reverse of an outcast (5).
12. The socialist has to put a question in half a line (5).
13. To throw without a turn is cheating (9).
14. Play badly with a favourite whore (8).
17. 'To —— is worth ambition though in hell' (Milton) (5).
19. The girl pursues a great number in spite (5).
20. If Ada's husband broke up, he might leave no traces (8).
22. Round the building the one who plants the seed goes not so deep (9).
25. Attack in the studio (5).
27. Farewell which is partly to perish (5).
28. Between two rivers father makes a place for bells (9).
29. 'O —— born and loveliest vision far' (Keats) (6).
30. Describeo as a girl in a boy's embrace (8).

DOWN

1. Quietly hint one is spotty (6).
2. Rows of beheaded eccentrics (5).
3. A page with room for an unoriginal remark (9).
4. I am amid the climbing variety in compositions (5).
6. Pungent as help without credit (5).
7. In peril at changes of a creeper (9).
8. Mozart and a pack of animals (8).
9. Unlucky for the left (8).
15. Criminal whose stigma is finally disguised (9).
16. Choose a light medium for an amusing character (8).
17. The principle is to cut down the drink (9).
18. General from the war house (8).
21. Await a sober death (6).
23. Coin for a sovereign (5).
24. Dance with a strange bachelor (5).
26. Strip of wood for shed (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 400

C	O	V	E	R	A	G	E	■	T	H	E	B	E	S
L	■	I	■	O	■	O	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	U
A	C	C	E	N	T	O	R	■	G	L	A	D	Y	S
M	■	T	■	D	■	D	■	■	■	L	■	R	■	T
P	R	O	T	O	Z	O	I	C	■	M	B	O	Y	A
S	■	R	■	■	■	F	■	O	■	A	■	O	■	I
■	■	■	■	I	N	F	A	N	T	R	Y	M	A	N
A	■	A	■	N	■	I	■	N	■	K	■	S	■	S
D	I	S	C	J	O	C	K	E	Y	S	■	■	■	■
H	■	S	■	U	■	E	■	C	■	■	■	R	■	T
E	W	E	R	S	■	S	A	T	U	R	N	I	N	E
R	■	R	■	T	■	■	■	I	■	A	■	B	■	A
E	N	T	A	I	L	■	S	C	A	N	D	A	L	S
N	■	E	■	C	■	■	■	U	■	G	■	N	■	E
T	I	D	I	E	D	■	A	T	T	E	N	D	E	D

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This new School, which has a small specially designed further education wing,. is due to open in September. Applications are invited from men with suitable experience (not only qualified teachers) for a new and interesting post on the staff. The person appointed will work under general supervision of the Headmaster and will have among his responsibilities (a) the supervision and arrangement of the adult community activities programme including further education classes based at the school in the afternoons and evenings, (b) guidance and counselling of fourth year pupils and school leavers on careers, employment and leisure time opportunities through the Youth Service, and (c) guidance to leavers and former pupils with their further education requirements and opportunities; (d) general liaison within the area between school, youth and youth employment services.

Salary scale Burnham Technical Report Grade A (£520-£1,000) plus £120 S.R. allowance with appropriate additions for degree and training.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the under-signed to whom applications should be submitted within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

A. R. Chorlton,
Director of Education.

County Offices, Oxford.

ROYAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE, SALFORD

LIBERAL STUDIES DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for a SENIOR LECTURER in PSYCHOLOGY.

Salary range: £1,550 p.a., rising to £1,750 p.a.

Applicants should be graduates, with experience in either personnel management, industrial communications, or teacher training. The person appointed will be expected to participate in the liberal studies schemes (which include an introduction to management studies) to science and technological students of Diploma in Technology and Degree courses. He will be encouraged to initiate research and to undertake consultative work in industry.

Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Registrar, Royal Technical College, Salford 5, Lancs., to whom completed forms should be returned by 6 May 1960.

EXPERIENCED Secretary/Agent (full-time) for Hendon South Constituency Labour Party. The appointment to be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee. Application forms from: Mrs Fliess, 33 Green Lane, Hendon, NW4.

TRAINED Women Assistants wanted at Diocesan Girls' Hostel. Salaries from £390-£480 less £120 per annum for emoluments according to training and experience. Apply Organising Secretary, 65 Queen's College Chambers, Paradise Street, Birmingham 1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Several new appointments of trained and qualified social workers will shortly be made at provincial prisons Salary as for Probation Service. Enquiries are invited by General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1. VICtoria 9717/9.

UNIVERSITY of New England. Armidale, New South Wales. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The Lecturer appointed will be required to give lectures in Latin and Greek for internal students and to conduct courses for external students for the BA degree. He will also be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,500 × 90 – £A2,100 and in addition a cost of living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 20 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Director of Social Studies, the person appointed to hold the rank of senior lecturer at a salary of from £A2,200 to £A2,600 per annum. Applicants should hold a recognised qualification in professional social work and should have had extensive practical experience in this field. Conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Donald Reid Chair of Economics. Applications are invited for the Donald Reid Chair of Economics. The salary is £2,800 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 15 June 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Statistics. Applications are invited for this position. Salary range: Senior Lecturer £1,750-£2,000; Lecturer £1,250-£1,700 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 15 June 1960.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Assistant Youth Employment Officer (female) reqd at Acton Youth Employment Bureau. Good education essential, experience in teaching, youth employment or industry desirable. Salary: APT I £610-£765 plus London Weighting up to £30. Commencing salary according to ability, qualifications and experience. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 1 May. (Quote C.367 NS.).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference either to Western Europe excluding the United Kingdom, or to an 'under-developed' area outside Europe) for a period of two years from 1 September 1960. Salary scale £700-£850 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than Monday, 9 May 1960, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

NATIONAL Savings Committee: District Commissioners. 10 or more pensionable posts for men or women at least 21 on 1.3.60, preferably with university education, organising ability, knowledge of economics, and experience of public speaking and with voluntary workers. Final year students may apply. Men's starting salary (London) from £528 to £680. Maximum £1,330. This scale is under review. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 154/60/8. Closing date 12 May 1960.

CHILD Care – Residential Housefather required at Ingleton House, Rectory Grove, Clapham, SW4, hostel for 40 working boys (15-18 years) deprived of normal home life. Previous experience and/or Home Office Residential Child Care Certificate essential. Single accommodation only. £555-£595 (plus £30 for Home Office Certificate) less £134 14s. for board, lodging and laundry. 4 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/NS/963/4), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

THE Family Welfare Association needs Family Caseworkers. Social Science Certificate or Sociology Degree plus professional casework training and/or good casework experience required. Salary scale £550 × £25 to £825. Senior caseworkers in charge of Area Offices also required. Salary scale £900-£1,000. Appointment on salary scales in both cases according to experience. Superannuation Scheme, 4 weeks holiday p.a., five day week plus opportunity for consultation and professional development. Application in writing to: Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1.

FAMILY Group Voluntary Home (9 Children) reqs Assistant House Mother. Salary £390 to suitable applicant, less emoluments. Bucks village 40 mins London. Apply Secy, Melgan, Jordans, Beaconsfield.

AMBULANCE Control Clerks reqd by LCC for holiday relief duties. Work involves taking and dealing with requests by telephone for ambulance transport. Basic pay, aged 21 and over, 146s. 6d.-179s. for 40 hr wk according to quals and expce. Extra for night duty, Sunday duty, o/t. Apply Officer in Charge, London Ambulance Service, LAS/B, 150 Waterloo Road, SE1. (980).

EXPERIENCED teacher interested mod. tech. of teaching Fr./Germ./Eng. (Crafts, movement, drama or P.E. an asset.) Town & Country School, 38/40, Eton Av., NW3.

TRI-LINGUAL (English, French, German) secretary, perhaps with some knowledge of other European languages & some knowledge/& or experience of journalism, will be considered for a London post in broadcasting to North America. Applicants, preferably between 25 & 35 years of age, should send full particulars to Box 3978.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PARKSIDE Hospital, Macclesfield. Senior Clinical Psychologist. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the post of whole-time Senior Clinical Psychologist at this mental hospital (1,600 beds). Whitley Council salary scale (£1,025 to £1,425 p.a.) and conditions of service apply. The Hospital is run on the open ward principle and all modern forms of treatment are given. In addition there is a busy Out-Patient Clinic and a Neuro-Surgical Unit. It is anticipated that an in-service training scheme will be introduced in the Region and the successful candidate will be expected to take part in this. Applications, giving details of qualifications and experience and quoting two referees, to be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Parkside Hospital, Macclesfield.

NINETEENTH Century Birmingham. Temporary full- or part-time Research Assistant required for bibliographical work. Degree or equivalent qualifications required. Salary according to qualifications and experience within the range £450-600 per annum full-time. Applications to the Clerk to the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, the University, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15.

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointment as National Youth Officer for the Co-operative Youth Movement. The officer will work within the headquarters staff of the Education Department but will be expected to undertake visits to clubs and groups throughout the country. Salary within the scale £780 × £25 to £980. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further details from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned by 16 May.

COPYWRITER required who would enjoy having full rein on busy group of important industrial accounts in London Agency (IPA). He will need the capacity both to think creatively and to take care of the accuracy of technical facts. Agency experience probably essential. Age probably between 26 and 36. Engineering or scientific background helpful but secondary to copywriting ability. Write stating age, experience and present salary to Box 3868.

SALES Director of expanding travel agency (near but not in West End) requires more than a secretary. Preferred age 25/28 but not essential. She should be highly intelligent, have an old-fashioned knowledge of geography and be prepared to take a thorough interest in all aspects of the business. Strict five-day week frankly unlikely. Salary by negotiation. Box 3843.

VACANCY. Public Relations Woman/Account Executive, for estab. sml organisation. Team spirit imperative. Box 3986.

WRITERS with imagination and a real flair for words, able to turn dull material into scintillating and brilliant copy and with the ability to see an article in nothing, are wanted for a national weekly newspaper. Excellent prospects. Full details to Box 3944.

THE Rough Male Feel of Money . . . if this interests you, as well as the chance to travel all over Europe selling a uniquely appealing children's educational program to American military families, why not write me a letter telling me about yourself? Address inquiries to Ken Faris, c/o American Express Co., Heidelberg, Germany.

BAR Manager wanted for Club Room attached to Art Institute. Interesting job for the right person. Flexibility and good humour essential. Write ICA, 69 Piccadilly, W1, or 'phone GRO. 6186.

GOOD-humoured responsible car-owner offered summer vacation job in international children's hotel. Write Lavethan, Blisland, Bodmin, Cornwall.

MATRON required Co-Ed. School, experienced, understanding, interested in working independently. Box 3848.

PART-time Games Teacher wanted immediately to coach boys and girls Cricket, Tennis. Hampstead area. Box 3850.

WOMEN'S Press Club seeks secretary. In full charge; also minuting, some bookkeeping, PAYE. 5-day week. £575 p.a. with meals. Applications in writing with refs. to Miss Lorna Moore, 52 Carey Street, WC2.

SECRETARY Sh./T. to act as P.A. to Agent, W1. Must be efficient, with good personality. £15. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5A Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

EXPERIENCED shorthand-typist for Organising Secretary of Liberal Jewish Synagogue: interesting work, congenial conditions: 5-day week. Apply: 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. (CUN. 5181).

SECRETARY. Efficient; for owner-driver of small hand bindery, Herts. Min. 20 hr. wk. Ring Cockerell, Letchworth 35.

LITERARY Agents (leading) require intelligent copy typist with ability work indep. to take care of contract and anthology depts. Ring Beynon, COV. 2488.

FILM Distributor reqs typist; some filing, relief on small switchboard. Age immaterial. 5-day week. W1. Box 3912.

PART-time Copy Typist. Hrs to be arranged. Phone BIS. 9343, East London Family Service Unit 71 Vallance Rd, E1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED. Two girls for summer season. Waiting, etc. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr Sevenoaks, Kent.

SYBIL Topham caters for the ambitious Secretary seeking an important post with first-class salary. Dutton's Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS. 7379.

GERMAN shorthand-typist reqd for interesting part-time work. Box 3950.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MARRIED COUPLE (husband resident Australia 12 years) desire positions as Housefather and Housemother at Children's Home or similar establishment. Husband considerable experience school residential life, handicapped children, deaf children, & with much experience children's model and hobby workshops. Wife also conversant office procedure, typing etc. Excell. refs. Will reside anywh.; pref. country. Box 3785.

CEYLONESE, expd clk/typist, last employed Publishing House, knows Portuguese/Spanish, seeks full/part-time work. Willing go abroad any capacity. Good references. Box 3222.

WHERE TO STAY

RECULVER Lodge, (NS), Beltinge, Kent. Why not a few days by the sea now? Ideal for lazy holidays. Always open. Licensed. (Herne Bay 750).

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch: Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Guests welcomed. Old Manor, woods, own farm, secluded, nr sea. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

SOUTH West Wales. Homely accom. in country house between Laugharne & Pendine overlkg Carmarthen Bay. Intg district with fine coast. 7 gns. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carms. Laugharne 25.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. Victor Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Private house, touring centre, near beaches. Moderate terms, reduced early & late. Home comforts. Lamb, 24 Barn St, Haverfordwest.

HOL. acc. nr Newton Abbot. Moderate. Modnsd. Fern Cott., Broadhempston.

DOONEEN Guest House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Ireland, offers homely first-class accommodation. Moderate terms, h. & c. and inner-sprung mattresses. Boating, fishing, motor trips. Fully licensed. Brochure available.

SW Wales. Country Guest House in beautiful surroundings. 25s. daily. Mapsland, Laugharne, Carms. Laugharne 46.

CORNISH holiday between Penzance and Helston. Lovely surroundings, gd cooking inc. vegetarian. Bed, breakfast and evg meal – 7 gns. per wk. Porthleven 392.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany. Kery-vonn Hotel. From 30s. (June 25s.). Mod, comf. Seaviews, Sands. Illus. leaflet.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' The April issue includes reports on vacuum cleaners, carpet sweepers, & barrier creams. 'Which?' reports are impartial and factual, based on independent tests. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association, annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

ARMY and Navy Stores' Library Service provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

THE case for public ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange. 'Nationalisation', by H. Fagan – examines the condition of the nationalised industries and the socialist way forward. Lawrence and Wishart, 2s. 6d.

QUALITY American paperbacks. All subjects. Lists from Dept 2, Trans Atlantic Book Serv. Ltd, 45 Neal St, WC2.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

S/H. books, records, posted. List sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics; USSR; we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

PERSONAL

UNIVERSITY Student (22), Russian, French, Modern Greek, seeks summer vacation employment. Box 3914.

FRENCH conv. wtd London basis; language & European life. Box 3221.

TWO car seats Provence Rivera Alps 22 May-12 June, share expenses and interest in quiet places. Box 3221.

CAMBRIDGE. B/s.-rm, board, remuneration offered in return help with elderly lady not invalid. Every afternoon, some evenings alternate weekends free. Box 3824.

YOUNG graduate driving to India early June requires companions. Box 3997.

JOHN Constable, RA, open landscape, oil, 11 by 16 inches, fully authenticated, privately for sale. Box 3999.

MENTAL hospital's attempt to rehabilitate recovered patient: Indian, 60, speaks English, Tamil, French. Knowledge broadcasting, tea, Indian goods trade. Suggestions for job. Box 3975.

FOR young people 12-16, weekends, holidays. 15 acres beautiful Chiltern country. Relaxed personal atmosphere. Mrs Sufit, Sunley Bank, Chinnor Hill, Oxon

MAN (small income) seeks post as domestic help where there's quietness for writing. Box 3628.

SALCOMBE, old stone cottage mod. overlkg creek, welcs a few guests b. & b. 5 gns p.w. Occas. Continental meals. Box 3220.

EXCHANGE. London University family of 5 offer commodious house, Highgate, in exchange for suitable accommodation, sea or country, during latter part of school summer holidays. Box 3827.

TOWN-bound family urgently want rent/purchase country cottage radius 50 miles circa London: garden, view, solitude essentials. Box 3761.

WANTED. Young person with common sense, to learn the craft of painting furniture really well. Box 3939.

ST IVES, Cornwall. Accom. offered in artist's beautiful old house overlooking harbour. Lge secluded garden. Box 3059

YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer, Rt Hon Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

HOL. Exch. Fam. (2 children) offer comf. hse, Epping Forest edge Ldn (Cen. Line) in exch. hse at seaside, for 2 wks from 30.7.60. Box 3608.

IF you feel you could be half of a successminded play-writing partnership, write to Box 3794.

LEARN to write the successful way. Contributors to our courses are all well-known authors and journalists. Premier School of Journalism (Est. 1919), Dept NS1, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4.

AN OLD necklace meant 480 hot meals for refugee orphans. How? We could sell it for £5. We can turn almost any saleable article into funds to help the hungry and homeless (including broken jewellery, spectacle frames, etc. containing gold and silver.) Please send to: 'Gift Aid', Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad St, Oxford.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch , 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

INCOME tax matters (except paying) attended to, annual accounts prepared, financial investigations undertaken. Normal professional fees. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd, NW3 HAM 6666

DO you wear spectacles? Tired and strained eyes can be treated by Dr W. H. Bates' method of relaxation at a London Clinic LANgham 3626 for partics.

WHAT'S wrong with the ABC? ask Phon. Alph. Assn, 86 Dalmain Rd, SE23.

BY 16 May you should have saved enough on your daily bottle of champagne to have your child photographed by Anthony Panting. Book the sitting now at MAI. 3200.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

ARE you impatient when old traditions delay the application of modern knowledge to human problems? You will meet kindred spirits in the Progressive League (N2), 20 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

ARTISTS – paintings urgently required for new gallery. Details from BCM/Gallery, London, WC1.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

PERSONAL—continued

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery, yet withal the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness and mental activity – remains. Garlisol Tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the entire system. Harmless, benevolent, and with no drug reaction on the heart or other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. for six months' treatment (1,000 Tablets) or £1 12s. 6d. (three months' treatment) together with booklet of dietary advice, to Garlisol Company, Fairlight, Sussex, or order through your chemist.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

TO Anthropologists: It should now be obvious that the abandonment of supernatural religion – of idolatries on foundations of belief – marks the end of the long nursery period of the evolution of human understanding. (Query: can the childish-minded women be induced to realise this change? – that it is their responsibility?). The scientific interpretation of future growth leads immediately and definitely to the explanation and abolition of the barbarous antagonisms between the communalist and capitalist nations. These and all racial complexities are natural phenomena within the range of human understanding and control. USA papers please copy.

SCIENTIFIC body massage for relaxation, fitness and vitality. Sunray-tanning. Appointments Mon.-Fri. 12 to 5 p.m. Tel. HAM. 2514.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 months. ACB Ltd, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

TV urgently needs scripts. Learn to write drama, comedy, serials with tuition from practising TV professionals. 'The most comprehensive correspondence course in the country'. Write to TV Writing School, Dept 198, 14 Sackville St, W1.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept, C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone French or German, 9 LP records & 2 books, Russian (July) 7 LP records & 2 books £8 11s. post-free. Interpret Holiday Courses French, Italian, Spanish or German 3 LP records & 2 books £3 12s. post-free. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish or German 2 LP records & 3 books 37s. post-free. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley Street, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

MOTOR Insurance. We can offer the following reductions in premium for no accidents: 1st year renewal 33.1/3%, 3rd year renewal 40%, 4th year renewal 50%. Evidence from other Company accepted. Brynley Lewis, 64 Wellington Rd, Hampton Hill, Middx. TED. 6247 & 4322.

HOW to write and sell – with Know-How! No Sales – No Fees training shows you how to write what editors buy. Profit also from a free subscription to The Writer. Send for interesting Free N1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th Edition). BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

I WRITE speeches, sales letters, books, brochures, technical articles. Box 2353.

4¼% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a proud policy; loans to owner-occupiers only through The New Homes Building Society, E. Twickenham, Mddx. Chrm: Anthony Marlowe, MP.

CHOOSE your hobby from Music, Art, English or Writing. Please state subject in which interested. Brochure Free. Southern Correspondence College, Albion Road, Selsey, Sussex.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e.: Irving Th., Leicester Sq, WC2.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free prices list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

FOOD AND DRINK

ONLY the lonely – But who's lonely today, watching television by leaping firelight, with a glass of superb El Cid Amontillado Sherry to delight the fleeting hours?

LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.608

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, SW1, 27 April 6.30: 'The Buddha and His Teaching'. Christmas Humphreys. Also, at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1, the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea – open to all), 30 Apr., 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

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UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Two Russian Westernisers' will be delivered by Professor A. Mazon (Paris) at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, WC1 as follows: 3 May at 5 p.m. 'Le Prince Beloselski-Belozerski (1752-1809), ami des lumières et partisan du despotisme éclairé' (in French); 5 May at 5 p.m. 'Prince Elim Meshcherskiy (1808-1844), Orthodox mystic and patriot, precursor of the Slavophils' (in Russian). Admn free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (i) 'The Makonde People – Conflicts of Cultures'; (ii) 'Economy, Techniques and Arts of the Makonde' will be delivered by Professor J. Dias (Lisbon) at 5.30 p.m. on 2 and 5 May at University College (Embryology Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

WEEK and Week-end Residential Courses in Acting, Exploring Somerset, Painting, Poetry. Details from the Bursar, Dillington House College for Adult Education, Ilminster, Somerset.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term commences 25 April. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 11,000 volumes. Courses at the Spanish Universities. For full details apply to the Secretary, SLOane 8381.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

GCE Courses in English Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time. Day/Evg. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460

TUITION by Post for GCE. Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

SHORTHND/Typg priv. tuit. Mabel Eyles 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

GERMAN, French, English, shorthand-typing. Translations: Engl.-Ger., Ger.-Engl. Ley, 54 Manchester St. WEL. 1739.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS, Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 239-241 Shaftesbury Ave. (Oxford St end), WC2. COV 1817.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS, Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

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28 April at 7.30	La Valse La Fête Etrange Petrushka
30 April at 2.15	Le Lac des Cygnes
30 April at 7.30	Ballabile, La Fille Mal Gardée

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26 April at 7.30	Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci
29 April at 6.0	The Trojans

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ERWARTUNG and
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26, 28 & 29 April
DIARY OF A MADMAN and
THE SOLDIER'S TALE

OPERA Circle. 'The Nightingale' by Stravinsky, Sun. 24 April at 8 p.m. Intro. by Brian Priestman. Soloists: Marion Studholme, Johanna Peters, Kenneth Bowen, Harold Blackburn. At 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Details: Hon. Sec., WES. 7513.

CONCERT

CARL Dolmetsch with his Sons & Daughters, & Joseph Saxby. Rubbra 1st performance. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. 28 April, 7 p.m. Tickets: 3s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., at Hall.

ENTERTAINMENTS

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

French Fortnight

Unifrance Film presents a selection of French films never before seen in Great Britain:

L'EAU VIVE, with Pascale Audret. 27 April – 6.15 only; 28 April – 6.15 & 8.30.

Bunuel's
CELA S'APPELLE L'AURORE, with Lucia Bosè. 29 & 30 April – 6.15 & 8.30.

PROGRAMME BY NOUVELLE VAGUE DIRECTORS.
30 April – 3.0; 1 & 8 May – 6.15 & 8.30.

LES FANATIQUES, with Pierre Fresnay. 4 & 5 May – 6.15 & 8.30.

And, by courtesy of French Television, the 'British Film Institute Choice': Marcel Hanoun's UNE SIMPLE HISTOIRE. 6 May – 6.15 & 8.30; 7 May – 3.0, 6.15 & 8.30.

Booking begins 19 April. (WAT. 3232).

Members Only. For particulars of membership, write: British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Ave, WC2. (COVent Garden 2801).

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) The Immortal Land (U) and Greek Sculpture (U)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 24 April: 'Wild Strawberries' (A). From 25 April: 'The Face' (X).

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Saturday 23 April, 7.30 to 11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartet, today, Sat. 23 April, 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s., their guests 5s.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last perfs. today 5 & 8. The Admiration of Life. Mems.

IN-STAGE: London première of 'The Man Who Had All the Luck' by Arthur Miller. Prod.: Charles Marowitz. 4 perfs 27-30 April. Tower Theatre, Canonbury, N1. CAN. 5111.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30, Sn. 4 Lt wk 13th ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 28 April, 7.0. Subs. 7.30. Laurence Olivier in Ionesco's 'Rhinoceros' prod. by Orson Welles.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. Sam, The Highest Jumper of Them All.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Marghanita Laski's 'The Off-Shore Island' – 10 Nuclear years hence? Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

EXHIBITIONS

Antiquarian Booksellers' Association

THIRD BOOK FAIR

27 April – 6 May 1960

The National Book League,
7 Albemarle Street, London, W1.

EXHIBITION OF HARPSICHORDS

BY JOHN FELDBERG

21 Portman Square, W1.

26-27 April, 10-7.

GANYMED new Facsimiles: Klee's 'Tom Cat', 'The Chapel', both 37s. 6d. plus 4s. 6d. tax. Illustrated catalogue 2s. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Mattia Moreni: Paintings. Preview for members Wed. 26 April at 6 p.m. Open to public 27 April-14 May. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Admission 1s., members free.

EPSTEIN. Collection of primitive and exotic sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Last day. Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Josef Herman: Small Paintings and Drawings (Wkdys 10-5.30, Sats 10-1).

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: Paintings by John Nash RA and Hammond Steel (1900-1960). Modern Etchings and Lithographs. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Till 28 April.

AT the Chenil Gallery, Town Hall, King's Road, Chelsea daily 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday 25 April to Saturday 30 April inclusive, 'Master and Pupil' Exhibition by John Wynne-Morgan and many of his pupils. Also a unique collection of Belleek porcelain specially loaned for the occasion.

LITHOGRAPHS: Senefelder Group of Artist Lithographers' Commemorative Exhibition of Fifty Years of Members' Prints. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, London, SE5. From 23 April to 14 May 1960. Mon. to Sat. 10-6. Sun. 3-6. Admission free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Falchi and Hodgkinson – paintings. 20 April-7 May. 10-6.

HYDE Park Gallery, 30 Sussex Place, W2. Beaugeard – Paintings 11-30 April.

KAPLAN Gallery – MacBryde – Paintings Colquhoun – Drawings – Until 30 April 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New ptgs. Julian Trevelyan. Till 28 Apr.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. MOU. 4917. Borchard, Brodzky, Clare, Feigl, Harris, Josephs, Kahn, Pereira, Sanders. 23 April to 25 May. Dly incl. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St, W1. Alberto Burri First London Exhibition. Until 29 Apr. Dly 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

RAILLE Gallery, Islington Green, N1. 25 paintings by Ken Moore.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Sculpture. Hilary Heron. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery; Ida Kar; Portraits of artists in England, France and Soviet Russia, and other photographs. Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: 'The First Fifty Years' A selection of works given to Public Galleries by the CAS 1910-1960. Tate Gallery to 8 May. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2s.

EXHIBITION of Wood Engravings and Colour Prints by the Society of Wood Engravers at Crafts Centre of Gt Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, London, W1. Until 7 May Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Adm. free

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Apergis, Sculpture. Perdikidis, Paintings. Papagueorguiu, Drawings. From 11-30 April Weekdays 10-6, Sats 10-1

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD. 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

HEAL'S Craftsman's Market Exhibition of Handmade Silver Jewellery by Barbara Cartlidge 7-28 April

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. Galicia-lithographs & linocuts. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1 7 Cork St, W1 REG 3660

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

AFTER ALDERMASTON – WHAT?

THE CAMPAIGN AT THE CROSSROADS

Towards a Mass Movement?!

St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, 24 April

CND DAY CONFERENCE

Distinguished panel of speakers

This is likely to be the most important conference for the campaign and will settle policy for the coming months.

Sessions 2 – 5 p.m.; 6 – 10 p.m. Tickets (2s. 6d. per session) from London Region CND, 5 Caledonian Road, N1

Anti-Apartheid Movement
(incorporating the Boycott Movement)

DELEGATE RECALL CONFERENCE

30 April, 2.30-6.30 p.m.

Unity House, Euston Road,
London, NW1.

Has your organisation nominated a delegate? If you wish to do so apply: 200 Gower St, London, NW1, for credential forms.

THE Forum: Problems of Democracy and Socialism in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Next meeting Thursday 28 April, 7.30 p.m. at Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Prof. K. N. Raj on 'Political Implications of Planning in India'.

AMERICAN Art and it's European origins. Illustrated talk by Bartlett D. Hayes, Jnr. 6.30 p.m., 26 April, USIS Cultural Building, 5 Grosvenor Square, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Jazz' – please note Lecture 27 Apr. is cancelled.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower Street, WC1. Free Public Lectures, Summer Term 1960. Thurs. 5, 12, 19 May at 5.00, Mr Graham Pollard, Commentaries on the Physical Development of Books. Thurs. 12 May at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Professor J. Hurstfield, Liberty and Authority under Elizabeth I. Mon. 30 May at 5.30, The Hobhouse Memorial Lecture by Professor Sir Aubrey Lewis, Agents of Cultural Advance.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Leading Tendencies of American Economic Policy, 1776 to the Present Day' will be delivered by Professor W. Letwin (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) at 5 p.m. on 28 April at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Admn free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

DINNER for you And a refugee family. Good talk with overseas friends. Lively speakers. British Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London) invites you to a May Day Dinner on Monday 2 May at 7.45 at the Chiltern Restaurant, Baker St, NW1. Spkrs: James Cameron, Dr David Pitt. Tkts 1 gn. from Sec., 4 Gayton Crescent, NW3. Proceeds to World Refugee Year.

THE German Institute regrets to announce that owing to the indisposition of Mr Stephen Spender, the lecture arranged for Tues. 26 Apr. 1960, will not take place.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thurs. 28 April. 'The Philosophy of Will'. Admission free.

PANDIT Jawaharlal Nehru: Meeting of welcome, Central Hall, Westminster, Friday 6 May, 6.30 p.m. Admission by ticket price 2s. 6d., obtainable from The India League, 31A John Adam St, WC2.

PUSHKIN Club, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 22 April, 8 p.m. Informal Russian evening. Medvedev Balalaika Trio & others. Fri. 29 April, 8 p.m. at 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. B. Ranevsky: Turgenev's Childhood. Scenes acted by members of club.

SHAW Soc. welcoming Colin Wilson again at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 29 Apr., 7 p.m. Non-mems 2s. 6d.

PLAY Reading by members of the society. New Jewish Society, Wed. 27 April, 83 Chiltern St, W1, at 8 p.m.

'HOW To End Tyranny and War'. May Day Meeting. Sunday 1 May at 7.30 Union Hall, Clerkenwell Rd, EC1, next Holborn Hall. London Anarchist Group.

EASA Forum – Hugh Jenkins on National Theatre. 24 Apl, 8 p.m. Labour Party Rms, Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Vis. 1s.

RICHMOND District New Left Club Inauguration. Tues. 26 April, 8 p.m. Parkshot Rooms, Richmond. 'Arms Waste'.

RV Centre, 68 Dukes Av., N10: Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs 7.30 Kingsway Hall, Swami Mukhyananda: 28 Apr. 'Shankara & His Work'; 5 May 'Three Aspects of Vedanta'.

'NATURAL Childbirth', Mrs Erna Wright. Caxton Hall, 7.30, Mon. 25 Apr. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Socy.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 24 Apr. H. J. Blackham, BA, 'Two Problems: Youth and Age'. Write for Free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 24 April, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Is Current Christianity the Genuine Article?' H. J. Blackham.

'THE Test of Destiny'. Public lecture, 24 April, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

IIWC. Public Lecture. Free. Dorothy Hewlett: 'John Keats'. 8.30 p.m. Fri., 29 April. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

THE Splinter Group, Conway Hall, Thurs. 28 April, 7.30. 'Can we explain God?' Visitors 3s. 6d.

PACIFIST Universalist Serv. 3.30 Sun. 24 Apr. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. J. Allen Skinner 'Reflections from Inside'.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.607

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